The Outlook

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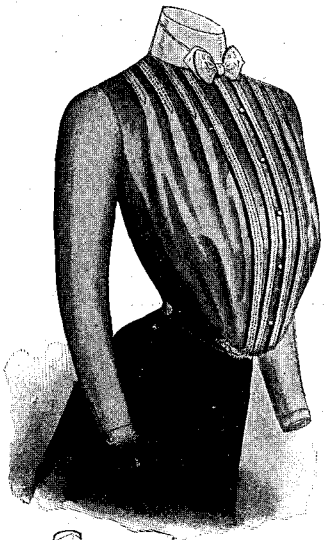

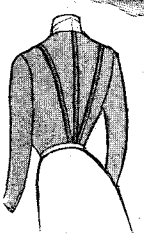

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The Outlook

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What Seth Low Stands For

The New York municipal campaign begins with Mr. Low's clear-cut letter of acceptance and the crowded and enthusiastic mass-meeting at Cooper Union on the one side, and on the other with Mr. Shepard's nomination by the Tammany delegates, acting with the precision of trained soldiers under orders despite the hisses and cat-calls from the galleries and the reception of the nomination with almost equal chagrin both by the Tammany workers who see a "silk-stocking reformer" forced upon them, and by the honest Democrats who have worked for reform with Mr. Shepard's aid in former years. Just what Mr. Low stands for has been told three times—first in the resolutions of the general Anti-Tammany Conference (already quoted in full in The Outlook), secondly in the platforms adopted by the Republican, Citizens' Union, and other fusion organizations, and now most emphatically and forcibly in Mr. Low's own letter. The main issue, he says, is "the wresting of the city from those who permit one man to dominate the organization of his party in the interest of his own pocket all the time; and, as if to add insult to injury, to do this from abroad, as though the proud city of New York had been reduced once more to the condition of a crown colony." If Mr. Low is elected, he promises to favor: city home rule in the person of the Mayor; responsibility to the people alone; good schools, with seats for all; small parks and playgrounds everywhere; relentless war upon every one who permits or aids in physical or moral injury to the city's children; clean streets for poor and rich alike; the city to be a model employer in its relation to labor, and to co-operate in raising the standard of living; the extension of the city's ownership of public works; rapid transit to be pushed; city franchises not to be given away or permanently sold; honest city contracts and no favors in purchases; a Fire Department with a head not (like Scannell) subject to indictment; civil service reform, but based on practical rather than theoretic knowledge; improvement of the city's docks, piers, and harbor; a reform of the present "thoroughly unprincipled and corrupt" administration of the police force—and in this connection Mr. Low declares that the large majority of the men on the police force are honest, and will rejoice to see the force as a body restored to the respect and confidence of the citizens. Finally, on the excise question, Mr. Low points out the abominable abuse of the present so-called Raines law hotels under the excise law, the lack of any effect from the law in restraining Sunday sales, the inequality of the excise law in its bearing on rich and poor, and favors a change of the law, which must necessarily be gained from the State Legislature, but he declares that the "law as it stands, while it remains unaltered, must be administered in the best practicable manner." It will be noted that in this platform there is not the slightest allusion to any question of National politics, and there is not a word which should or could offend any honest National Democrat who is sincere in his desire for municipal reform. The anti-Tammany campaign starts for the first time with a unified and harmonious combination of all anti-Tammany elements.

❀

What Mr. Shepard Stands For

Mr. Shepard is personally an honest man, with an acute intellect, but he has never given evidence of possessing that kind of force which alone could enable a candidate elected by Tammany to fight successfully the corruption of Tammany. In truth, however, the issue in New York is not between men but between

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parties. Mr. Shepard stands upon a platform which indorses the policy and the personnel of the last four years of municipal administration in New York. What is this platform? We quote from it: "We congratulate the people upon the results achieved under the Democratic administration of our city affairs." Is this Mr. Shepard's view—namely, that the last three years have shown a complete change since he himself denounced (1897) "the bossism, prostitution of power, tyrannical and mean treatment of citizens who were too poor and ignorant to protect themselves, a worse treatment of a great city we have never known, to disgrace us with ourselves, to disgrace us throughout the United States, to disgrace us in the eyes of the civilized world"? We quote again from the Tammany platform the sentence in which it characterizes the high-minded, honest fight against criminals conducted by an able Democrat, Mr. Philbin, as "not only a blow directed against the well-settled principles of American law and liberty, but the unveiling of a purpose the logical consummation of which would be the establishment of a tyranny at once infamous and intolerable." Does Mr. Shepard indorse this, and if so, does he expect non-Tammany Democrats to vote for him solely on National issues? It seems hardly credible that he can expect to ignore municipal issues in a municipal campaign, that he can indorse what he has hitherto denounced and fought, that he can assert that Tammany has become pure after its gorge of plunder and bribe-taking since 1897, or that he can condemn his platform and machine and yet expect to be elected. By accepting the nomination upon the Tammany platform he becomes sponsor for Mayor Van Wyck and Commissioner Devery, not to say for Mr. Croker, from whom he receives the nomination. Mr. Low is nominated upon a platform which indicts these persons and condemns the municipal policy of the last four years. The only question for the voter is, Does he approve or disapprove the Tammany administration of municipal affairs? It would hardly be more honorable for Mr. Shepard, elected upon a Tammany platform, to avail himself of the power which Tammany would give him to break the power of Tammany in municipal affairs, than it would for Mr. Low, elected upon a platform of opposition to Tammany, to use the power which the opponents of Tammany had given him to confirm Tammany's power in municipal affairs. Concerning the issue thus joined between the Tammany and anti-Tammany forces we have something to say in another column.

❀

A Pacific Cable It is reported from Washington that a vigorous effort is being made to secure for a private corporation an exclusive right to lay a Pacific cable between our Pacific coast and the Philippine Islands, including a stop on the way at Hawaii. It is also reported that the company interested in this project desires a subsidy from the Government to aid it in laying the cable. We do not suppose that such an exclusive right can be given except by act of Congress. We should be very sorry to see any action taken by the present Administration which would lead in that direction. There ought to be a Pacific cable connecting the United States both with Hawaii and the Philippines. Instant communication between the central government and outlying possessions, east or west, is more than desirable; it is indispensable. But such means of communication ought not to be controlled by a private corporation. The United States Government ought not to be dependent upon private capital for such an enterprise, nor upon any private person or corporation for its means of communication in time of exigency. It was unfortunate that when the telegraph was first invented it was not laid hold upon by the United States Post-Office and made a part of that Department. Intercommunication between all parts of a great republic ought to be owned and controlled by the people, not by private persons. Certainly, means of communication between the capital at Washington and outlying provinces like Hawaii and the Philippines ought to be wholly independent of private control. The United States is rich enough to lay its own cable, and wise enough to control its administration. The policy already adopted by the Republican party, and emphasized both by President McKinley and President Roosevelt, respecting the interoceanic

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canal ought to be applied to an interoceanic cable, and for the same reasons.

❀

Cuban Affairs The dissolution of the Cuban Constitutional Convention last week marks the close of another period in the political reconstruction of the island under the protection of the United States. It now remains for Governor Wood to arrange for the election of the President and other officers provided for in the constitution, and to aid in setting to work the machinery of government under the provisions of that document. Before the close of its existence, the Convention, at the request of Governor Wood for the United States, revised the election law, the provisions of which have been summarized in these columns, so as to do away with the multiplication of elections for different offices. No objection, apparently, was made to the suggestion of the United States in this direction. More important than the dissolution of the Convention, perhaps, was the procession of twenty thousand persons which marched through the streets of Havana on Thursday of last week to present to Governor Wood an urgent petition to President Roosevelt, and through him to the United States, for a reduction of duties on Cuban sugar and tobacco coming into the United States. It is quite evident that this is the point upon which public opinion in Cuba is centered, and that an extension of reciprocity is most earnestly desired. What Congress may do on the subject is of course uncertain; but there is little doubt that the President will recommend a liberal measure of reciprocity in dealing with Cuba. General Wood, in reply to the deputation, said that he thought that the statement of conditions made by its members was true, and that their requests were just. A similar demonstration on a very large scale took place on the same day in Santiago.

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The Massacre in Samar The full reports received from the survivors of the company of United States troops which was nearly destroyed by the natives of Samar at Balangiga in a night attack show that the company (Company C of the Ninth Regiment) was attacked early on the morning of September 29, while at breakfast, on a signal given by the ringing of the convent bells. The Presidente of the village led the attack, heading a large number of natives, who entered the officers' quarters in the convent through the church. The surprise was complete; many were killed while at breakfast, and many others were killed before they could reach their arms. The attacking party were bolomen, not armed with rifles. Of the three officers and seventy-two men who made up the company only thirteen escaped uninjured, an equal number escaping with wounds, and the others, forty-nine in number, were killed on the spot, including the three officers. It remains to be seen whether proper guard had been made against such a surprise. It should be remembered that the island of Samar is one of the most savage and warlike islands of the Philippines; that its people are far less removed from savagery than are the Filipinos in the island of Luzon or those in the island of Panay. The deplorable and horrible incident is precisely such a one as might have occurred in our former wars with the Indians of the Far West. General Chaffee has directed troops in considerable number to be sent to the island; and no doubt swift punishment will be inflicted on the natives who were engaged in this attack, and on all in arms against American authority.

❀

The Anti-Trust Law The Court of Appeals of New York State has rendered a decision upholding the anti-trust law in that State. Under that law the Attorney-General may file an application before a Judge of the Supreme Court declaring that he intends to bring an action on behalf of the people against a person or corporation under the law, and ask for an order directing the person or corporation or one of the agents thereof to appear before the court or a referee and testify as to matters concerning an alleged illegal contract, and produce books and papers. The object of this investigation, it is clear, is to secure evidence for the purpose of enforcing the law, and, if necessary, annulling the charter of an offending corporation. In order to avoid the constitutional objection that this may

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compel a witness to incriminate himself, the law provides that no witness shall be prosecuted or subjected to any penalty for or on account of any transaction about which he must testify. The Court holds that this law is constitutional, that such a preliminary examination conducted on behalf of the people against a corporation supposedly violating the anti-trust law is legitimate and proper, and is not inconsistent with the provisions of the Constitution above referred to. It is said that an appeal will be taken to the Supreme Court of the United States. If no such appeal is taken, the decision of the Court of Appeals of this State will have very considerable authority in all the States of the Union as indicating the possibility of preliminary judicial investigation into the legality of a corporation suspected of wrong-doing.

❀

A Commendable Trust Act

Last week the first statement of the financial condition of the United States Steel Corporation made since its organization was published. For the half-year ending October 1 the net earnings are $54,000,000. After setting aside for sinking funds and maintenance about $7,000,000, and paying six months' interest on the bonds and all the dividends for the same period, there is left a balance of over $12,000,000. Concerning this statement an officer of the company said:

> We are well satisfied with the showing, and we believe our stockholders will be also. The fact that in the strike months our earnings were so large (they were the largest for any months during July and August) may mystify many people, but, as a matter of fact, the strike was in no sense of the word a hurt to us, for the reason that it enabled us to make at minimum cost many necessary repairs always incident to the midsummer season, while a number of the plants forced to close by the strikers would have been shut down in any event to effect these repairs. Beyond all that, the figures are a practical demonstration of the value of concentration of control, for while the strike was on we were able—so long as some of our mills were open—to transfer work to them which otherwise would have gone to the closed mills.

Aside from the bearing of this report in informing the public concerning the company's ability to withstand a strike, the most important fact is that a statement was made at all. Henceforth a new standard of commercial rectitude has been set. The influence of the Steel Corporation's course will reach far beyond its own affairs. Those industrial organizations which, by reason of shunning publicity and open accounting, are really blind pools will now be compelled either to similar action or to bear the suspicion, first, that they are not strong enough to meet competition, and, second, that their earnings are not what they should be.

❀

British Army Reform

The so-called reform of the English army has resulted admirably so far as the accession to power to Earl Roberts as Commander-in-Chief and of Mr. Brodrick as War Secretary is concerned. On the other hand, the appointments just announced, of Sir Redvers Buller, the Duke of Connaught, and Sir Evelyn Wood, as commanders respectively of the First, Second, and Third Army Corps, have aroused strong dissentient feeling. Only officers having the most brilliant and uniformly successful record and still able to command armies in the field should have been chosen for these exalted positions. As Mr. Kipling remarks in a pungent letter to the London "Spectator," the commanders chosen are not in touch with the real army, which, with tact and seriousness, might so easily be reformed. Yet, despite the pledge of the Government, "such appointments as the above would indicate that the whole army machine is to be hauled back as soon as it may be to the old ruts of impotence, pretense, and collapse." The English people, Mr. Kipling declares, have paid no small price in money and in blood that there might be born an army handled by fit and proven leaders. The journal in which this letter is published supplements it by a bold editorial in support of Mr. Kipling's criticism of the appointments, and demanding that Lord Kitchener be recalled from South Africa. The "Spectator's" judgment is that Lord Kitchener has accomplished nothing in a year, except by the process of attrition. While the present Commander-in-Chief in Africa might make an excellent Commander-in-Chief at home, the "Spectator" does not believe that "a hammer-man" is the one to command in the Transvaal. "From the moment Lord

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Roberts left South Africa we seemed to lose our strategic grasp upon the country," says the "Spectator." It suggests that he should go back again for six months, Lord Kitchener either relieving him in London or acting again as his Chief of Staff in South Africa. "If Lord Roberts went out to finish the war," concludes the "Spectator," "he would, we believe, finish it by making the best possible use of the material in hand."

❀

British Trades-Unions

The situation which now confronts British trade unions arising out of the decisions of the Law Lords of the House of Lords is serious, although the difficulties created are not insurmountable. Within the last twelve months there have been three decisions adverse to the unions. By the first, picketing in some of its phases was declared illegal. By the second, officials of an Irish trade-union were mulcted in damages for causing a withdrawal of trade from a wholesale butcher who had put himself in antagonism to the union. The third and most vital decision of all is the most recent. Under its terms, if officials or members of a union commit any unlawful act during a strike, the funds of the union may be attached to satisfy a judgment for damages. This is the decision which has caused so much consternation in the trade-union world; for it lays the funds of unions open to attack by employers whose business may have suffered from strikes, should it be capable of proof that any illegal action has marked the conduct of the strike. It is in accordance with this decision that the Taff Vale Railway Company is suing the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants for £20,000 for damages due to a deadlock on the railway during a strike at Swansea in 1900. Hitherto, as the Irish case which has been mentioned shows, it was open to an aggrieved employer to sue officials or individual members of a union when he conceived that they had acted illegally and done him a wrong. Such suits, however, were infrequent; because trade-union officials have usually no property adequate to satisfy heavy judgments against them, and an employer who proceeded with such a suit not only obtained no damages, but could not even recover his out-of-pocket expenses in appealing to the courts. The latest decision of the Law Lords lays open the treasuries of the unions to these attacks from aggrieved employers; and as most of the unions are now organized, their benevolent as well as their fighting funds may be attached to satisfy a judgment. The benevolent sides of British trade-unionism are little to the front, but many of the oldest and best-managed unions are really held together by their excellent benevolent features; and ruin to the union and direct individual losses to members would follow a suit in which heavy damages were obtained by the employer. There is not the least hope that Parliament will take any step to protect the unions from the effect of the House of Lords decision. Protection must come from within the unions; and many of them are now preparing to reorganize their constitutions and remodel their bookkeeping so as to keep their war chests and their benevolent funds legally apart. It is difficult to understand the jubilation with which the recent decision of the Law Lords was received in some quarters in England; for if from any cause the great trade-unions were seriously and permanently crippled in their finances, there would soon be an advance in the poor rate in all the industrial centers of the country. In fact is too often overlooked by critics of English trade-unions that the unions, besides acting on the offensive or defensive in trade matters, carry the burden of their sick and maimed, pension the old, and bury the dead.

❀

London's Women Drunkards

For the first time in its history the city of London has taken steps to reform its female drunkards. The innovation was brought about through the personal efforts of Lady Henry Somerset. An estate of some four hundred acres, near the city, was purchased over a year ago, and its buildings altered and improved so as to carry on the proposed work. The grounds include a beautiful natural lake six acres in extent, splendid woodlands, and other natural attractions. The work has been confined to the class known as habitual drunkards, and the first year's efforts have been devoted to

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the most hopeful cases. The work is carried on under the direct supervision of the London County Council, but Lady Henry holds an advisory relation to the home and is deeply interested in the plan for the redemption of some of these outcasts of London's population. The methods employed and the treatment given are of her planning. Each patient is assigned to some kind of work, laundry, sewing, or housework, for which she is paid a small sum per week. While the wages are not large, they are sufficient to incite to faithful effort. As a rule, the patients know nothing about laundry-work, sewing, or the simplest kind of housework, but they readily yield to persuasion and soon become interested in the acquisition of these simple arts. These women never had a "best dress;" in fact, when committed to the home their wardrobe invariably consisted of the apparel they had on. They were all furnished with the materials long enough before the holidays so that, by working during their spare hours, from six to eight P.M., they were enabled to finish a "best dress" in time to wear it at Christmas-time. Of the thirty-one who were given this opportunity only four failed to have their dresses completed by the appointed time. The ages of the women committed to the institution during the past year range from twenty to forty-five years, more than two-thirds of them being between thirty and forty years of age. They have been consigned to the home for periods ranging from six months to three years. Being obliged to conform to regular habits of eating and sleeping, as well as regular hours for light labor and the discontinuance of intemperate habits, the health of the patient has invariably improved. All of the women have been more or less subject to minor troubles, but there has not been a death nor a single serious illness in the home during the year. The segregation and special treatment of this class of London's criminal classes has been looked upon in the nature of an experiment, but those who were disposed to doubt its wisdom a year ago have expressed their approval, and Lady Henry Somerset is so well pleased with the results of the first year's efforts that she will recommend the enlargement of the home and the committal of a larger class of intemperate women.

A Substitute for the Canteen

General A. S. Daggett, whose letter against the sale of beer and light wine in the army canteens was summarized in these columns last month, has written another letter to the "Army and Navy Journal" in response to its suggestion that he should propose a substitute for the institution he condemned. His second letter is as compact as his first, and his answer to the direct question put to him can here be reprinted entire:

(1) Establish ample and attractive reading-rooms, which may be the general places of resort, and where games and facilities for all sorts of proper social enjoyments can be found. (2) Establish ample and attractive gymnasiums. (3) Encourage and give facilities for all proper kinds of manly sports. (4) Require the Commissary Department to supply many of the luxuries now furnished by means of the company fund.

The programme here outlined for satisfying the soldiers' cravings for sociability and good fellowship must commend itself to all factions, for those who object most strongly to the old canteen cannot object to the restoration of the features here urged, and those who believe most strongly in restoring the sale of fermented liquor cannot but welcome the restoration of the facilities for recreation which the profits of the canteen have for several years provided. The only conceivable objection is that from the standpoint of the taxpayers; but when it is recollected that the wages of the common soldiers aggregate less than one-sixth of the army appropriation, and that the canteen profits on beer, which have defrayed other recreation expenses, have been but a small part of the soldiers' wages spent on beer, it is clear that the cost of maintaining such army clubs as General Daggett recommends would be very small. General Daggett expresses the belief that if army life were made attractive in a wholesome way, without offering fermented liquor to the recruits, a better class of volunteers could be secured and a better army built up.

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Brigands and Missionaries

Deep interest has been excited by the recent capture by brigands of a band of missionaries in the mountains between Bulgaria and Turkey. There were sixteen persons in this party. After their detention for some days, all were released

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but two. One of the two was Miss Stone, an American Board (Congregational) missionary from Boston, who for the past quarter of a century has been laboring with signal success at Salonika and elsewhere in Turkey. Her companion was Madame Tsilka, a beautiful Bulgarian woman, also a missionary, and the wife of an Albanian missionary who had received his English theological education at Union Seminary in New York City. The fate of Madame Tsilka is unknown, but for the ransom of Miss Stone the brigands have demanded twenty-five thousand Turkish pounds, a sum equal to about a hundred and twelve thousand dollars in our money. Both the American Board and the American Department of State were entirely right in refusing to pay this sum; it would have been unfortunate for either to have created such a precedent. A popular subscription, however, is quite a different matter. So earnest and profound is the sympathy for this refined and self-sacrificing woman thus exposed to danger and hardships that on Saturday morning of last week, when a subscription for Miss Stone's ransom was started, more than twenty thousand dollars were subscribed before noon in Boston alone. The subscriptions now reach fifty thousand dollars. Some bitter remarks have been made about the responsibility of the Bulgarian Government, especially in view of the fact that almost every one connected with that Government has received an education at the American Robert College in Constantinople. Bulgarian responsibility, however, is not so great as might appear, for it is believed that the brigands form a part of lawless Macedonian bands which find their activity now on one side, now on the other, of the Turko-Bulgarian boundary. Some well-informed persons claim that quite as much knowledge of the affair may be found at Constantinople as at Sofia. At the latter capital, however, the Bulgarian Government is ostensibly showing signs of interest. We trust that the pressure now being brought to bear upon it and upon Turkey by the State Department may prove fruitful. Although our Department had already taken up the matter vigorously, President Roosevelt, after consulting with Messrs. Capen and Smith, of the American Board, laid a fresh injunction upon Acting Secretary Adee to spare no efforts to accomplish the purpose in view. The measures to be adopted are kept secret for the present, but are believed to be uncommonly drastic.

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The Episcopal Convention The first week's work of the Episcopal Triennial Convention, which is holding its sessions at San Francisco, included the adoption of several articles of the proposed new constitution. Specially keen discussion occurred in regard to Section 3 of Article I., which provides that the senior bishop in order of consecration shall be the Presiding Bishop of the Church. This was strongly disapproved by some of the Western delegates, who, with others, desired a method by which a younger man might be put in that position, contending that it needs not only a man of progressive ideas, but one of great activity. They quoted the words of Bishop Clark, of Rhode Island, the present Presiding Bishop, who, in his triennial report, suggested that it would be for the best interests of the Church if there were some other mode of selecting a presiding prelate. Bishop Clark is ninety years old, and his age has prevented him for some time past from giving all the attention necessary to the duties of his office. The present order, however, will be maintained, although some provision must be made by which the Presiding Bishop will be relieved of the actual details now upon him. Of the other subjects, those included in Articles II., III., and VII. elicited special interest and discussion. Article II. provides for the manner of electing diocesan and missionary bishops, and requires a priest to have attained the age of thirty-five years before consecration. Article III. provides that bishops may be consecrated for foreign lands on due application therefrom, with the approval of a majority of the bishops of the Church. Article VII. provides for the organization of provinces in such a manner and under such conditions as shall be ordered by canons of the General Council, provided, however, that no diocese shall be included in the province without its consent. On Saturday the House of Bishops and the House of Deputies united in a joint meeting as a

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Board of Missions, with the venerable Bishop Tuttle, of Missouri, in the chair; a feature of this meeting was its refusal to recognize the Rev. John Osborne, of Honolulu, it being held that his recognition as a delegate would be a virtual decision in the case of the English Bishop Willis, of the Hawaiian Islands, who refuses to resign. The advisability of appointing an American bishop for those islands will be one of the problems of the present Convention. Bishops must also be provided for Porto Rico and the Philippines. In our own land bishops must be elected for the missionary dioceses of North Dakota and of Olympia (State of Washington), to replace respectively Dr. Edsall, now Bishop of Minnesota, and Dr. Barker, who died recently. Two new missionary jurisdictions, with missionary bishops, are in process of creation—one in Illinois and the other in Kansas. To Eastern Episcopalians the most important action of the Convention has been the division of Massachusetts into two dioceses.

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The Church of the Holy Communion

An important work has been accomplished during the last half-century by the Church of the Holy Communion in this city. The need for its work is now greater than ever, from the fact that it has become a "downtown church." Dr. Muhlenberg was the first pastor of the church, and his rare personality gave it an impress which at once made it unique. For instance, the services were characterized by the introduction of the first boy choir in America; from the beginning a Sisterhood, the first in the whole Anglican communion, assisted in parochial work; industrial schools in connection with the parish sprang into life, and also an employment society. The Sisterhood had been in the field less than three years when its members found themselves obliged to remove the sick poor from their squalid homes and care for them in the Sisters' house. On St. Luke's Day, 1849, Dr. Muhlenberg appealed to his people to make the top floor of the Sisters' house, which had become known as The Infirmary, the foundation of a hospital. The offertory of that day amounted to less than thirty dollars. Some one asked him whether he expected to build a hospital with such a pittance. His prompt reply was that with that very collection he would build the hospital, adding thereto, however, a boundless faith in God and in his fellow-men. The fine hospital that now crowns the Cathedral Heights is a demonstration of the power of such faith. The Church of the Holy Communion has a historic background of duty done. Within a radius of half a mile, and in less than thirty years, twelve churches have abandoned the particular neighborhood bounded by Fifth and Ninth Avenues, Fourteenth and Twenty-third Streets. This district contains about a hundred and fifty thousand men, women, and children. Of these three-fifths call themselves Protestants, and one-fifth confess that they are without any church and without any pastor. In the recently published Year-Book of the Church of the Holy Communion an earnest appeal is made for a second hundred thousand dollars toward the endowment fund of the church. Appeals are also made for the increase of the endowment funds for the Sisterhood and for the educational work of the church, and for the building of a modern parish house, ten stories high, to contain a great swimming-pool, a large gymnasium, a public hall seating a thousand people, bowling-alleys and billiard-tables, game, reading, writing, and class rooms for industrial training, and, crowning all, a roof garden with flower-beds and hedge-rows, in winter to be inclosed with glass and steam-heated. We believe that this vision of the future will meet with early realization.

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Bible Schools

Among the evening schools of this city the Amity Theological School, with a faculty of eight teachers, offers from October to June an inviting series of courses for lay workers, parish visitors, Sunday-school teachers, deaconesses, students looking toward the ministry, and others desiring more Biblical and theological knowledge. The school has a four years' course, the first half Biblical, the second half theological, with liberty to elect preferred studies, and grants certificates showing work actually accomplished. The fees are trivial. Further information may be had of the Dean, the Rev. Leighton Williams, 312 West

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Fifty-fourth Street. The Moody Bible Institute at Chicago announces among its special features weekly lectures by the Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, of Northfield, on "The Crises of the Christ." A Correspondence Department has been organized for those who cannot attend personally. The Superintendent, the Rev. R. A. Torrey, will furnish all desired information.

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The People's Church

The daily papers have announced the promise of a donation of a million dollars to the People's Church movement. In order to secure authoritative and accurate information on this subject, we have asked Dr. H. W. Thomas to give the facts to the readers of The Outlook, and he does so in the following letter. Dr. Thomas needs no introduction to those who are familiar with the current religious life of America. He is the pastor of the People's Church of Chicago, a regularly organized church which holds its services in McVicker's Theater. He has carried on this work there for a number of years with unvarying success; this success, achieved by methods wholly unsensational, points to him as one admirably fitted to lead in the movement which he describes in his letter. The spirit of this letter is characteristic of the man, whose liberalism has always been unpolemical, whose theology has been catholic and constructive, not destructive or critical, and whose religious teaching is at once spiritual and humanitarian:

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In reply to your inquiry I will say that it is true that Mr. George W. Burman has contracted to give to the People's Church one million dollars from the product of mines now being developed in New Mexico and Arizona. These properties are private, are not listed, and will not be organized as stock companies.

Awaiting results, only general plans have been formed for enlarging the home field, and, as the way may open, extending the work to other cities.

The Congress of Religion has from the first sought to unify the thought and spirit of the many denominations, not by interfering with the autonomy of any, but by accenting the universal in each. The People's Pulpit is a branch of the Congress, organized some two years ago. Its purpose is to establish preaching services in the theaters and opera-houses, and, where advisable, to organize People's Churches. These public auditoriums are generally the best and most centrally located; the object is to reach the ungathered masses who have no religious homes; they will come more readily to a theater than to a church. Half the people in this land never attend any public worship, and the growing tendency, danger, is to religious indifference.

These People's Pulpits will need stated preachers for the regular services; but the plan is to have a great circuit where the most noted preachers of the country—Jews, Catholics, Orthodox and Liberal—can be heard occasionally. The great Liberal movement in our time has ceased to be negative; its work is not to tear down, but to build up. We do not tolerate those who differ from us, nor ask to be tolerated by them; we recognize, and would be recognized. We recognize the facts of racial and religious differentiations—prejudices, if they be called such—but beneath and within these are the truths of the universal common to all, and these should be the great law and life of love.

It is felt also that it is no longer possible in the light of present thought to hold the public mind to the old beliefs; that there is place, need, for the larger and better faith and hope of the new theology. The thought is not to fight the old, but to preach the great truths of life; of the soul and God; of the life of God in man.

Money can help only on the material side, and this is necessary; but such a work calls for consecrated lives and the largest ability. Before us are the millions of laboring people; and there are all the unsettled questions and antagonisms of laborers and capitalists: questions of sociology that are becoming questions of religion.

It is not the purpose to project another denomination upon the world, but a movement to help forward the new age of thought, of life, that is trying to find expression in these great years. H. W. THOMAS.

People's Church, Chicago.

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The People's University Extension Society of New York

If the founder of the University Extension movement, the English professsor of philosophy who, desiring that the truths he and his colleagues were trying to teach in their class-rooms should be open to people who had been debarred from the preparation necessary to college entrance, and who gradually outlined a system by which the breadth and culture of the "higher education" has extended into many a village community, could look in upon the work done under this name in New York, he would marvel at the adaptability of his project to local needs. For the extension work in New York City is as unique as it is needed. The first American town to follow the English plan of university

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extension was Rochester, N. Y., where the townspeople came gladly to attend the courses given by the university instructors. The Secretary of the Society, Mr. J. Eugene Whitney, after establishing its success in that city, came to New York, sure that a wide field awaited it there. In New York, however, he found that for those desiring study the ways were open, but that a large class were in great need of supplemental training, if the University Extension could adapt itself to their wants. So in this city the University Extension Society began the summer session by ministering to the greatest need it found; it gave courses of instruction in hygiene to the women in the tenement-houses—simple practical talks on how babies and children should be cared for. And it has not discontinued these courses; one hundred of them were given last year to meetings of mothers at missions and clubs, although the work has broadened and enlarged until it covers every field of manual and industrial training. Cooking and ironwork, physical culture and wood-carving, kitchen-gardening and sewing—all the hand work the importance of which we are just coming to realize, is taught by the University Extension Society. Wherever there is a club or a mission with groups of boys and girls for whom it cannot provide the desired instruction, its plea comes to the Society for a teacher, and a teacher goes. In settlements and parish houses and missions and chapels throughout New York and its boroughs the classes are conducted. Last year a mission school for colored girls in Brooklyn, supported on the sparsest of funds, greatly desired a teacher in dressmaking, and the Society sent the first the school had ever had. So great was the interest that all the applicants could not be admitted, and some of the pupils repeated to their friends the lessons they received; one of these brought at the end of the session a dress she had made for a little sister as a result of her pupil-teacher's instruction. So quietly has the Society worked that it is comparatively little known to the people of New York, whose support should come to it most generously as it enters upon its fourth year this fall. For it depends entirely upon voluntary contributions to pay its teachers, the value of whose work in the community is incalculable. Dr. Rossiter Johnson is its President, and its Secretary, Mr. J. Eugene Whitney, has his office at 244 West Fourteenth Street, New York.

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The College Settlement The College Settlement of New York is beginning the thirteenth year of its work in the heart of the lower East Side. When the beautiful old residence it now occupies was first taken for this purpose, it stood in the midst of an American and German population, with a percentage of German Hebrews. The houses for the most part were three-story houses designed for the needs of one family, but even at that time occupied by four or more families. Tenements of five and six stories, built under the most liberal interpretation of the building laws, have displaced these houses. A corresponding change has taken place in the population. The Russian and Polish Jews have crowded in; the sweat-shop, the lodgers, the push-carts, are now permanent features. The sweat-shops have increased the demand for rooms, until the rents paid are out of all proportion to what the people receive. This congestion makes the Settlements imperative. They are links between the city government and the people; an educating medium in American citizenship and civilization of a great foreign population. Twelve years ago there was no precedent for the Settlement to follow. It had to find the means to reach the people and to hold them. There was the natural distrust of the community to overcome, and common interests to be developed. The children provided the interests. Groups of children were formed into clubs, with names and officers, the latter frequently changed. At the end of a few months mothers were entreating that their children be admitted to these clubs. From the first a social meeting, with singing, speaking by the best people it was possible to secure, has been maintained for adults, and for children with story-telling substituted for speaking on Sunday afternoon. The children of twelve years ago are the adults of to-day. The girls' clubs have become mothers' clubs; the mothers' clubs of that day might in one instance be called a grandmothers' club, for mothers and married daughters are mem-

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bers. The population of ten years ago has gone north to Harlem, east to Brooklyn, while many have moved to the West Side. These people still maintain their connection with the Settlement. The claims of the new neighbors have been fully recognized. Their especial needs have been met as rapidly as understood, and as room and money have made it possible. The elevation in home-making standards, the development of a sense of civic responsibility, and that of an appreciation of education and of books, among the people of all the races, testify to the results of the College Settlement influence, by no means confined to its own neighborhood, but carried throughout the city wherever its friends settle.

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A Home Needed In the autumn of 1892 a kindergarten was established at the Settlement. This meant a new link with the community. The kindergarten was in a house opposite the Settlement, known to be over ninety years old. While old and greatly out of repair, it provided rooms for the cooking classes and rooms for the music school. Last spring the property was sold and this work scattered. A small house was provided for the music school a few blocks away, too small for the other work now crowded into the parlor and dining-room of the Settlement, which also houses the library, and play-rooms on library days for the children's games. The injustice of this to the residents, living under such a constant strain, can be appreciated. It has always been the aim of the College Settlement to keep a home atmosphere in this homeless, overcrowded region. The presence of all this work makes this almost impossible. The College Settlement needs a building apart from its home, the unconscious educational influence of which is one of the greatest needs of this region. Such a building would provide for the library, from which thousands of books are circulated every year, under the direct care of the residents; it would provide for the kindergarten, to which as many children are waiting for admission as are admitted; for a gymnasium, one of the greatest needs in this region, in which there is no park; for a hall for lectures, entertainments, and the social functions of the adult clubs—perhaps the crowning need. At the present time the only available halls are owned by the proprietors of liquor-saloons, the increased patronage at the bars being an important source of revenue when the halls are hired. The people of New York are now aroused to the evil conditions that dominate this neighborhood. A clean administration would do much, but the function of the city government, however honest and liberal, does not provide for the recreative and the educational needs of a great wage-earning population, who must be brought into relation with the spirit of the country through social opportunities absolutely non-sectarian, while wholly uplifting. This is the function of the Settlement, and how ably the College Settlement of New York has met its opportunity the record of twelve years shows.

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The End of the San Francisco Strike Two weeks ago we spoke of some of the unusual features of the great strike which has been going on in San Francisco since July last; we are glad now to record the end of the strike. This has been brought about by the efforts of Governor Gage, who has persuaded the strikers, the union teamsters and their allies, to accept a basis of compromise with their employers who form the Draymen's Association. It is believed that this strike has caused several million dollars' loss to the city of San Francisco through cessation of business and delayed shipments, and that it has cost the strikers themselves half a million dollars in wages. Governor Gage deserves the strongest praise because of his long-continued and energetic efforts. The terms of the compromise are in the main favorable to the employers; one principal question involved was that of sympathetic striking; and in the agreement now made the workmen positively agree not to engage in sympathetic strikes for a year, or even to raise the questions of wages and hours of work, questions which were not directly involved in the present strike. In addition to the money loss caused by this strike, it is reported that there have been two murders and many hundreds of personal assaults growing out of the labor agitation.

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The Real Issue in New York

Politically the question whether governments exist for the benefit of the governed or of the governors, morally the question whether government shall be honestly or dishonestly administered, precede all other questions. No political issue is so important. For political principles are of importance only as they are held by men who will honestly act upon them, and it is but tautology to say that unprincipled men do not act upon principles. The corrupt politician, who is in politics as a trade, for what he can make out of it, is equally ready to be a Democrat in New York, a Republican in Philadelphia, and a Populist in Kansas. As a creed does not make a sound church, so a platform does not make a sound party; in the one case as in the other, character is of the first importance, profession is secondary. Politically, therefore, the issue of honesty in government takes precedence of all other issues, since nothing can really be done to determine other issues through dishonest men. But were this otherwise, the issue of honesty would for moral reasons take precedence. No commercial injury which false notions of taxation can inflict upon the country, which false notions of the relation of the municipality to public industries can inflict upon the city, can compare with the injury sure to be inflicted by the dominance of dishonest men in public affairs, and the consequent poison of dishonesty sure to pervade all public life and sooner or later much of private life.

This issue of honesty is the one which this fall is presented to the people of the cities of New York and Philadelphia. Politically, it is the question, Shall the city government be administered for the benefit of the governor or of the governed? morally, it is the question, Shall they elect honest or corrupt men to manage their municipal affairs? That this is the issue in New York City Mr. Croker has frankly affirmed. He has publicly declared that he is in politics for what he can make out of it; and he has partially explained some of the processes by which he and his henchmen make money out of their conduct of public affairs. It is not necessary to recall and restate the methods here. Mayor Ashbridge, in Philadelphia, has been scarcely less frank, not in words but in actions that speak louder than words, for he has conspired with his political supporters to give away to his friends and allies a franchise as truly the property of the city as if it were a public building—a property for which the city was offered two and a half million dollars in hard cash.

In the coming elections these corrupt administrations will be supported by all those who have received special favors in the past or expect special favors in the future. The extent and effectiveness of this support it is not easy to overrate. It includes some very reputable as well as some very disreputable elements—agreed in nothing but in their desire to continue in power a government administered for the benefit of the governors. "A Pennsylvanian" in the October "Atlantic" tells the story of a prominent clergyman—we are sorry that he does not give the name—who gave a reluctant but public support to certain Quay legislation, and in return received an appropriation of $50,000 for a hospital in which he was interested. Doubtless there is a material moral difference between this clergyman and the street laborer who gives his vote in order to get a paying job, but it is impossible to draw a sharp ethical line between the man who votes for a corrupt government because the government will support his hospital, and the man who votes for it because it will support his family. We are not sure that in the judgment of the Eternal the first will be esteemed the lesser sinner.

If all honest men were leagued together against the naked, flagrant, and confessed corruption in New York, and the decently attired and hypocritically disguised corruption in Philadelphia, there is no doubt what the result of the campaigns would be. Unfortunately, this will not be the case. It is true that the issue is so plain that he who runs may read; nevertheless, there are many intelligent and fair-minded men who will not read, and who for one reason or another will give their political support to an administration which their conscience cannot do other than condemn.

The traditional partisan may be expected to vote for his party whoever represents it. The motto, "The king can do no wrong," he transplants to democratic

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America and translates, My party can do no wrong. The doubtful motto, My country, right or wrong, he modifies into, My party, right or wrong. He will fight corruption within his party bravely; but if he is defeated, he will support the corrupted party without a question. Sometimes he will quiet his conscience by the half-articulated syllogism, There can be no honesty in the opposite party; therefore it cannot be honest to give the opposite party a support. A striking illustration of this type of man is afforded by Mr. Charles W. Dayton, of New York City. He is a prominent anti-Tammany Democrat; was vigorously pushed before the anti-Tammany party as a candidate for Mayor; was defeated by Seth Low, a reform Republican; and straightway, without even waiting to see whom Tammany would nominate, declared that he would support the Tammany candidate. We quote:

> I cannot give my services to the fusion candidate for Mayor. Not that I dislike Mr. Low as a man; it is not necessary for me to speak of his personal qualities; but I cannot lend my aid to making New York a second Philadelphia, politically. I cannot and will not help to put the Republican machine in control of the city departments.

No doubt this will be duplicated by scores of equally honest men in both cities: in New York by scores who will follow Mr. Dayton; in Philadelphia by other scores who will say, I cannot lend my aid to making Philadelphia a second New York, politically, and so will justify their vote to continue the corrupt administration of Mayor Ashbridge. We must believe that such men deceive themselves; but certainly they do not deceive others. It were as just to regard a vote for Mr. Cleveland as giving support to Mr. Croker because Mr. Croker was an important factor in the Democratic party, as to regard a vote for Mr. Low as giving support to Mr. Platt because Mr. Platt has been an important factor in the Republican party. Tammany is not redeemed from corruption because some honest men will support it; neither is the reform ticket to be condemned because some dishonest elements will support it. That the reform candidates in New York City and in Philadelphia represent honesty in municipal administration, and their opponents dishonesty, is as plain as that Mr. Cleveland represented tariff for revenue only and Mr. Harrison a protective tariff.

The party ticket will be supported by other party men whose partisanship will have at least an ostensible reason to support it. They will vote for a corrupt administration in municipal affairs because they cannot bring themselves to believe that they are not voting in a National election. Of such men Mr. Edward M. Shepard, the Tammany nominee for Mayor in New York City, furnishes an interesting type. Mr. Shepard's brief political career represents him as alternately on all sides in the great issues of the last few years. He has been an opponent of Mr. Bryan and a supporter of Mr. Bryan, an advocate of Mr. Low and is now his antagonist, an independent Democrat and now a regular Democrat, a bitter enemy of Tammany and now its chosen candidate. No man has indicted Tammany Hall in more scathing terms than did Mr. Shepard only four years ago. Listen to him:

> The most burning and disgraceful blot upon the municipal history of this country is the career of Tammany Hall.
>
> The Tammany ticket represents the most insolent, audacious, and reckless assault we have known upon the welfare of the Greater New York.

And now Mr. Shepard is Tammany's standard-bearer.

Is this apparent fickleness the political tergiversation of a chronic office-seeker? No! This would be a very unjust judgment of a man who may well be regarded as lacking in political discernment, but not as deficient in personal honesty. In 1896 he thought the currency the main issue involved and he voted against Mr. Bryan; in 1900 he thought Imperialism the main issue involved and he voted for him; in 1897 he thought honesty in municipal politics the main issue and he worked for Mr. Low; in 1901 he thinks Imperialism the main issue and he works to defeat him. No doubt he will have many followers in both cities. Republicans in Philadelphia will vote to continue the Ashbridge administration, corrupt as it is, because they are afraid that a vote against it will be a vote against protection; and Democrats in New York will vote for Tammany, corrupt as it is, because they are afraid that a vote against it will be a vote for Imperialism. This is, indeed, a wholly irrational fear. A vote for Mr.

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Low is no more a vote to sustain the policy of expansion in the Philippines than it is a vote to sustain the policy of Mr. Chamberlain in the Transvaal. Mr. Low's views on our colonial policy have nothing more to do with his will and his ability to give a clean administration of municipal affairs in New York City than have his views on Apostolic Succession. It is as irrational to suppose that support of honest government in the cities of New York and Philadelphia has anything to do with National politics as it would be to suppose that investing in steel trust stock would lend support to Mr. J. P. Morgan's party, if he has a party, in the Episcopal Triennial Convention. There is one question, and only one, before the people of these two cities: Will they intrust the affairs of their city to honest or to dishonest men?

To thoughtful men this issue will not be obscured by the fact that some honest men are put up to serve as the standard-bearers of a dishonest faction. It is certain that if Mr. Shepard should be elected we should be spared the billingsgate which we have sometimes been compelled to listen to from Mayor Van Wyck, and it is to be hoped we should be spared the indecent vulgarity which has assailed us from Deputy Police Commissioner Devery. Tammany administration could hardly be worse than it has been; it would probably not be materially better; but it would be better veiled. This would be all; for we ought never to forget that in America, when we elect a candidate, we put his constituency in power. He not only has to consult his constituents; he ought to do so. He may be better than his party, but he must represent it. It is within his party that he must find his advisers; from his party that he must secure his adjutants and subordinates; to his party that he must look for his support. This lesson has been so often taught in American history that no voter ought to be deceived. A vote for Mr. Low is a vote for a constituency which, rendered indignant by the ill-concealed corruption and the ostentatious vulgarity of Tammany, have banded together, irrespective of party affiliations, to purify the city; a vote for Mr. Shepard is a vote for a constituency which, however reinforced by other and better elements, has as its center and the source of its power men united on Mr. Croker's principle: they are in politics for what they can make out of it.

There are also some doctrinaires at such a time as this who will not vote for the corrupt government, but who will not join in any practical measures for its overthrow. Such are a certain type of reformers who, if they cannot get all that they want, will not join with their fellow-citizens in getting what can be got; temperance reformers who would rather have a prohibitory law on the statute-books and a wide-open town than a regulative law on the statute-books and a city reasonably decent and orderly; single-taxers, socialists, and the like, who are so bent on the municipalization of industries that they will vote for a separate candidate whom they can no more expect to make mayor of their city than they could make him Czar of the Russias, and who are curiously oblivious of the fact that a city honestly governed, with corporations subject to the control of the government, is better than a city owning its industries and administering them, not for the people, but for what the officeholders can get out of them.

Finally, among the elements of opposition to purity in municipal government must be included the cynics and the pessimists; the men who have fought once or twice and then grown tired; the men who say, It is no use; there will always be corruption, and it is idle to fight it; blackmail costs less than reform. It is hopeless to talk to such. A balky horse is the despair of horsemen; for a balky man there has as yet been discovered no remedy. He is as impervious to moral indignation as he is to rational argument.

None the less, to these and to all honest men questioning with themselves how they will vote, we would like to ask, if we could get their ear, to consider the proposition with which we commenced this article: Politically the question whether governments exist for the benefit of the governors or the governed, morally the question whether government shall be honestly or dishonestly administered, take precedence of all other issues. And these are the questions presented to-day in all the great cities of America, and specifically made pre-eminent as object-lessons in the cities of New York and Philadelphia.

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A Forward Step

On the second Sunday in this month members of every branch of the Christian Church in Scotland are to unite in common prayer for Christian unity. Perhaps for the first time in the history of that country, the Presbyterians of every organization, notably of the Established and the Free Church, and the members of the Episcopal Church are to come together on common ground for a common purpose. They are to meet on the one ground which affords a substantial basis of hope for the future. When men are ready to pray together, they are on the way toward united action; whatever brings them face to face with God in the act of asking for something which they have not got, inevitably brings them closer to one another. The religious world to-day shows many signs of a distinct and vital movement towards a reorganization of Christendom. There is a marked decline of sectarian feeling; a distinct diminution of interest in purely sectarian issues; a growing indifference to purely sectarian news, which is making itself seriously felt in the management of sectarian religious journals; an increasing reluctance to speak with disrespect or even with lack of sympathy of other Christian bodies; a growing habit of emphasizing the things which are held in common and allowing the things which separate to slip into the background.

All these signs indicate a growing feeling of sensitiveness to the scandal of a disunited Christendom, and a growing consciousness of the necessity of consolidating all the forces of religion for the great work which presses upon the modern Church. There is a long road yet to be traveled before a definite reunion of Christendom is effected, but that road is beginning to be distinctly defined, and Christians in increasing multitudes are beginning to crowd into it.

Society cannot permanently remain in the state of chaos in which it now is. That chaos has come about from inevitable causes, and as the outcome of beneficent influences; but it is not a final stage; it is a stage of transition. In the Middle Ages society presented a united front; Church and State, religion, political organization, social life, art, and science working together in a fashion for certain definite and common ends. That formal union was possible because the elements to be harmonized were so few; when those elements began to multiply in the new breadth of the human mind, the rediscovery of nature, and the triumphant advance of science, necessitating the reorganization of thought, formal unity disappeared. It can never come again until the great forces which have had their play in the last three centuries have accomplished their full results in the enlargement of the world of knowledge, in the expansion of the world of thought, in the reorganization of political and social life on higher planes, and in the restatement, in some distant future, of man's ultimate faith.

It will be a long time before this second unification of society is effected, but it must come ultimately; and one of the great forces which will bring it about must be the reunion of Christendom. It is not certain that that reunion will be made along lines of formal organization; it is certain that it will be recovered in a new and deepened spiritual unity. There can be no preparation for such a unity like prayer for a common end. In the whole history of this movement inside the Christian Church there has been perhaps no more notable address than that made by the Episcopal Bishop of St. Andrew's in the General Assembly of Scotland—notable for its profoundly religious spirit, its breadth of sympathy, its clear perception of the problems which Christendom has to face, and its frank recognition of the need of a reunion of the forces which make for the spiritual welfare of the world.

He said that the men who were urging on the movement towards unity had been called visionary dreamers, and had been told that if they were to produce any practical effects they must come down from their heavenly atmosphere and plant their feet firmly upon the earth. He quoted in refutation Paul's noble declaration that our citizenship is in heaven, and that the wisdom to be sought for was the wisdom which cometh down from the Father of lights. He recognized a situation to which a great many ecclesiastics of all bodies seem to be absolutely blind; a fact which, in a way, explains what is otherwise inconceivable, their willingness

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to spend time and thought over the subordinate questions of ritual, dress, formal statement, and ecclesiastical organization, while such terrible tasks are to be performed and such terrible responsibilities rest upon the Church:

Is it not the fact that we have to fight at least as hard a battle against the world, the flesh, and the devil, as was ever fought by any of our forefathers in the faith? Is it not the fact that there are problems all around us waiting for solution which would tax the united efforts of every consecrated intelligence among us? We all recognize these problems—the relations of capital and labor, the condition of the masses, and how to bring back to the Good Shepherd's fold those who, so far as man can judge—God forbid that we should do more than say that—seem to have strayed away from the Lord, who loves them as truly as any one of us. All those problems are clamoring for solution, and surely, if they are ever to be dealt with in any satisfactory manner, we must do what in us lies to reduce the amount of at any rate apparent separation that exists among us. Far be it from me to ignore the reality of the differences to which reference has been made; far be it from me to come to a venerable Assembly like this and ask you, sir, to ignore that which is a fact in history; but surely the practical question for practical men is, What is the best practical thing to do under the circumstances?

Turning aside from this phase of the matter, the Bishop of St. Andrew's put his finger on the underlying centripetal force which sooner or later will bring Christians together when he said:

There is one thing in which we are all agreed. We all recognize the Kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. We all acknowledge him as the Supreme Head of his Church, and we try to consider, not what man thinks, not what our own poor feeble judgment may think, but what he, ever wise and loving, seated there on the eternal throne, thinks of the condition of Christendom in the present day. Very humbly, and I hope very reverently, we try to imagine some of the thoughts of that divine Lord who has proved his love to us by the agony and the bloody sweat of the cross and passion of Calvary. How does it all seem to Him, sir? Surely he must recognize the waste of power which our separation involves. Surely he must see that if the separate gifts which he has bestowed upon each separate member of his body are not used for the good of the whole body, then the whole body must suffer through the loss of that which every member should supply. Surely he must see that, however much we may strive to love one another, to cultivate that gift of charity without which all the outward organization and all the outward practical work is like "the sounding brass and the tinkling cymbal"—surely he must see that, however much we may strive after charity, it is much harder to attain it when we know nothing of each other, do not meet, do not pray together, and have no outward fellowship in the Church. Surely he must see that that great enemy of God and man against whom he agonized in the Garden of Gethsemane, that spirit of evil "going about seeking whom he may devour"—surely our Lord must see that one of the guiding principles of that master spirit of evil is to divide and conquer. Division cannot be the means of furthering the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ. We are sure—I speak again with reverence—that he must be grieving over much that he sees, amid all that is noble and glorious and beloved in his Church. He must be grieved by much that he beholds.

These are inspiring words; and the action of the Christians of Scotland is an inspiring advance. Christians were separated one from another by a long historic process, the outgrowth of deep historic causes. Christendom cannot come together save as a growth. There must be long preparation in the spirit of men and in the spirit of the Church before the narrowness, bitterness, strife, exaggeration of secondary things, emphasis on detail, loss of perspective, failure to recognize the great moments and the great opportunities of the Church, will be outgrown. It may take centuries to even approximate to an ideal co-operation among all who believe in the Lord Jesus Christ; but the first step has been taken when men are willing to pray together.

A Word of Warning

It is one of the weaknesses of the American people to want to do everything on the spur of the moment, and to diffuse over a wide surface the energy, money, and intelligence which ought to be concentrated. This weakness is likely to impair the dignity and check the zeal with which President McKinley's memory ought to be honored. Too many plans to establish memorials to commemorate his fame in buildings, statues, tablets, and endowments are being discussed in all parts of the country, and there is great danger that, instead of having a few great National monuments worthy of the memory of Mr. McKinley, we shall have a multitude of inartistic, meager, and largely inadequate memorials of a kind which will bring no honor to Mr. McKinley, which will reflect seriously on the

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good taste and artistic intelligence of the country, and which will have to be taken down in the future; for the time is near at hand when the American people will scrutinize their monuments with eyes that have been opened by larger knowledge, and raze many of them to the ground.

It must be frankly recognized that there are always people in this country, as in every country, who are ready to take advantage of popular interest or sentiment for selfish purposes, and to make into an occasion for advertising an event or a memory which ought to be guarded with sacred care from any touch of commercialism. Every proposal to honor Mr. McKinley's memory by any form of memorial ought to be carefully scrutinized in order that every enterprise of this kind, initiated for advertising purposes, may be promptly discredited and rejected. Not a building ought to be raised, not a statue placed in position, not a street named, not an endowment made anywhere, for the sake of forwarding any enterprise, advancing any individual, or bringing before the public any community. Mr. McKinley's fame ought to be saved from the hands of these iconoclasts and profaners of a great memory.

Every proposed memorial ought to be scrutinized also from the standpoint of intelligence. The ugliness of a building may sometimes be pardoned in view of its utility, but an inartistic memorial should never be excused. A group of men may be amply competent to organize a business, direct a great manufactory, establish and conduct the affairs of a railroad, or even to outline and supervise the policies of a State, but entirely incompetent to deal with art in any form. The Common Councils of American cities which are competent by reason of intelligence to decide upon and erect monuments of any kind could probably be enumerated on the fingers of one hand. Mr. McKinley's memory will not be honored by the number of memorials erected to it, but by their quality. Those memorials ought to be very few, and they ought to be National in their character. The money ought to be concentrated in the building of a few great monuments which shall be the mature creations of the most thoroughly trained artists in the country. The American people owe it to Mr. McKinley and to themselves to protect him and their posterity from the kind of bad art which has so generally been used heretofore to commemorate public events and public men. There are many statues in the country which excite ridicule instead of reverence; they are monstrous perversions of educational opportunities. The country needs memorials of its public men and the great events of its history for the sake of their educational effect; but those memorials must have the quality of the great buildings at Athens, of which Thucydides said that the sight of them was a daily delight.

There ought to be a few monuments to Mr. McKinley, and these ought to be the fruit of organized effort, absolutely free from the taint of commercialism, under the direction of the most intelligent men, co-operating with the finest artistic insight and skill in the country.

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A Lesson of the Strike

The Outlook, in an editorial on the steel strike published at its beginning (August 10, 1901), said:

> We should like to see it [the corporation] adopt a simple waiting policy—continue its work in the non-union mills and leave the union mills idle until the workmen who have left chose to return to them. No doubt the financial loss involved in such a policy would be great, but it would probably be less than the loss involved in a struggle to open union mills with non-union employees. No passions would be aroused, the final adjustment would be achieved without humiliation, and the union men would both be more likely to return to their work and, if they returned, would bring back a better spirit than if an attempt had been made to fill their places by others. In our judgment, patient waiting would be both wise statesmanship and good strategy.

We have no doubt that some of our readers regarded this suggestion at the time, if they gave it any consideration, as wholly chimerical—a notion of the man at the desk, who knew nothing of the actual exigencies of business life. We ourselves doubted whether hard-headed, practical business men would think such a policy of patient waiting no loss. But apparently this paragraph foreshadowed, though we did not at the time suspect this, the purposed policy of the wise men who have organized the great steel combination and who are administering its

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affairs. They have acted on the principle that it takes two to make a quarrel. They have done nothing to arouse the belligerent feelings of their men. There has been no enlisting and arming of private watchmen under the pseudonym of "deputies," on the hypothesis that a strike is in very truth and by necessity a labor war. They have adhered absolutely to their principle that they would not treat with non-union employees through an Association which had no authority to represent them, and so indirectly aid in compelling them to join the Association. But they have not taken advantage of the conflict to demand the dissolution of the Association, or to lower the rates of wages, or to increase the hours. They have been apparently fair and just in their whole conduct of the matter, and, as a result, the leaders of some labor unions counseled the Amalgamated Association to accept the terms offered to them; other labor unions refused to be led into a sympathetic strike; members of the Association who were prevented by their loyalty to their Association from going on with their work in union mills sought employment under the same corporation in non-union mills; and the public, as represented by the press, with, we believe, no important or significant exceptions, either remained neutral or distinctly declared their sympathies with the corporation. More important than all, the corporation not only kept the peace itself, but did no act to provoke attack, none that could excuse any outbreak of violence by either the strikers or their friends.

The management of affairs in this strike, followed by the corporation's frank public statement of its financial affairs, on which we comment elsewhere, has done more than any economic arguments in press or periodical could possibly do to abate the public feeling against great combinations of capital. These economic results have afforded a striking illustration of the truth that Christ's principles are pre-eminently practical, for it is the practical application of Christ's principle, "Resist not evil," which has brought to a speedy and happy termination what threatened at one time to be the most serious labor war ever initiated in the country.

Of course the method pnrsued in this case is not always practicable. A railroad cannot cease running its trains till its striking trainmen return to their work; it would be difficult for a daily paper to intermit its publication until striking compositors returned to their posts. But the spirit which meets threats of war with a pacific temper, which reduces controversy to a minimum, which adopts as the law of conduct, "If it be possible, as far as lieth *in you*, live peaceably with all men," is always practicable. Smaller concerns will do well to study the wise policy of the steel corporation, which refused to allow itself to be forced into a conflict with its employees, or even into a newspaper discussion with the employees' representatives. By its object-lesson of the value of a pacific spirit under serious provocation, the steel corporation has rendered an inestimable service to the American people, of which it is to be hoped both employers and employed will not fail to take advantage in future labor complications.

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The Spectator

The Spectator was one of many thousands to enjoy a spectacle which taught him what politics means in the East Side. The daily papers had announced, one after another, the annual outings of the many political factions that add to the gayety of life in New York, as well as to its problems. Every announcement of this year has had one of two adjectives to describe the outing—"largest" or "greatest," with preference for the first. The morning papers recently announced that the truly largest—if that is permissible—outing was to be given that day, followed by a parade through the district of the leader's five thousand followers; that every band in the lower part of the city had been engaged for the outing and the parade, and that altogether this leader would surpass his own efforts in the past. A car deposited the Spectator in front of the district leader's liquor-saloon. For several blocks there had been an air of expectancy in the crowds on the usually active Bowery. Lanterns and bunting gave an air of festivity to buildings here and there along the way. As the car approached the headquarters of the district leader the air of expectancy changed to suppressed excitement. Groups

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were gathering on the sidewalk. The small boy was securing his usual point of vantage, the elevated railroad column, while his venturesome sister took possession of any chance projection that was within reach, hanging on to the lamp-posts, the posts of stoops, or on barrels or boxes. Families were out. Mothers, bare-headed or with gay shawls covering their heads, carried the youngest baby; the father, with hat of the latest style, and coatless, carried the next, while the others straggled unnoticed in the crowd, but fearless and able to hold their own. Scores of working-girls, gayly dressed, laughing and chatting, greeting friends, making jokes, tended to make even the Bowery gayer and less businesslike than usual.

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The shops carefully avoided showing political affiliations, though there was a canny bid for trade. The liquor-saloons alone dared risk open declaration of political color. The saloon of the leader was decorated from the sidewalk to the roof with streamers of red, white, and blue, with flags, lanterns, and transparencies. An enormous lantern surrounded by smaller lanterns hung over the middle of the street. At this point the sidewalk was impassable. The hero-worshipers, from the tiny chap who ought to have been in bed to the oldest voter in the district, and all the ages between, were gathered to greet the man who ruled them. They were ready to take the places of the faithful adherents who were too tired after the day's festivities to keep their places in the parading ranks.

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It is the Spectator's good fortune to count among his friends a young man who knows the East Side thoroughly. This young man's attitude toward it is dispassionate and to the last degree non-partisan. He sees the virtues and the vices of all the leaders, and deals out justice when he compares them. "Why, this is not the place to see this show. Come, I'll take you," was his greeting when the Spectator's object was made known to him. As the Spectator and his friend picked their way through the streets, over babies, between baby-carriages and groups of mothers, looking sharply to avoid banana-peelings meanwhile, the Spectator listened to the life-history of this leader. "Know him? Why, everybody knows *him*. He grew up over here. He used to black shoes and sell newspapers. He gets jobs now in the Street-Cleaning Department for lots of men whose boots he blacked when a boy. Smart? Smart ain't in it with that feller; he's more than smart. There ain't a man anywhere can hold a candle to him. Why, he's made himself. Yes, sir, big and good-looking; always dresses well; not like a sport, you know—he ain't that kind; dresses like a gentleman, he does, always. No feller ever went to him and asked help that didn't get it. His heart is as big as himself; fills him up all the way through. Every man in the district knows who's his best friend. He gets them work; he helps them when they're sick; buries them if they ain't insured. Nobody goes to Potter's Field from his district. He hustles every minute. Nobody ever catches him asleep. He's on to every trick. He knows a feller the minute he puts his eye on him. He's a hustler from the word go. Say, do you know his is the banner district? There ain't a vote cast in his district 'cept for his party. No need counting votes there after election. Look at the list, that's the vote solid. He runs a lot of pool-rooms. Raided? What if they were; 'twouldn't touch him! They ain't in his name. No, they ain't one o' his men would squeal. He don't have that kind around him. You may think it's wrong; I suppose you do, but I tell you, it's hard saying what would come to the poor of his district if it were not for him. He stands by his friends, and they know it. Lordy, though, he's an ugly man to run up against! You'd better move out of the district. I guess they do, those who run up agin' Jimmie [the Spectator will call this great leader Jimmie for convenience]. They don't stay in his district, you can put that down."

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We had crossed the Bowery and were now in the heart of this leader's district. As we turned a corner the Spectator stood still. Could this be New York? The street, as far as the eye could see, was an arch of lights—red, green, and white. The shabby, squalid tenement-house of the daytime had been turned into palaces

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by the magic of light. Fire-escapes, decorated with bunting, flags, and lanterns, became balconies; strings of lanterns extended in every direction across the fronts of buildings, revealing the olive-skinned, dark-eyed women in gay colors leaning over balcony railings, chatting and laughing with their friends. Under the arches of light made by colored glass lanterns over the immediate center, with ropes of lanterns looped to the posts erected on the streets, moved the Italians of other sections of the city. It was a gala night, a festa that was born in the new country. A shrine that had been one of many erected the preceding week to mark a religious festival had not yet been dismantled; its glitter and its candles were the center for the crowds.

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As block after block was traversed slowly through the crowds that filled not only the sidewalk but the street, the scene was so unlike anything American that one doubted his senses. Hardly a face in sight was that of an American. Except among the children not a word of English was spoken. The women on street and balconies wore large earrings, gold chains, and gay colors. The sharpness of contrast between the prodigality of the exterior decorations and the smoke-begrimed ceilings and general poverty of the rooms behind the balconies added to the strangeness of the scene.

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At last there is a blaze of fireworks and the sound of explosions at the far end of the street. "Here they come!" the small boys cry out, and scamper for any place that will take them above the crowd, or they wriggle through it to the curb. Without any confusion the street is cleared, and the people are on the sidewalk crowded from curb to house. On balcony after balcony red fire is burned, and Roman candles send their balls of light to add to the beauty. The ladders leading up the front of the buildings from one fire-escape to the next above are crowded, and over the roofs, as the lime-light on the wagons in the procession reveal, are hundreds and hundreds of faces looking down. What prevents a panic, or a fire, is a mystery. Paper lanterns catch fire and drop on the drapery and the people below. Sparks from the fireworks sent off above the crowds drop down on cotton dresses, bare heads, and upturned faces. The enthusiasm vents itself in fireworks. There is no hurrahing, not even when the leader's proxy who heads the procession comes in sight—only more fireworks, more lanterns lighted, more laughter, more chattering, more happiness.

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The procession is headed by a platoon of police stretching from curb to curb, but they have no trouble, the people of themselves make way. And the banner! It is the proud emblem of success! Not a vote in the district for the other party. Proud are the four bearers and attendant guard of honor. And then the voters and their sons who will not vote, some of them, for several years—on they come, battalion after battalion, small regard to time or tune. Gayly they are saluted by friends, and gayly they salute.

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Suddenly the Spectator discovered that many of the men wore white caps with narrow black band and visor. "Yes; them's the regular crowd, been to the outing; those others dropped in on the way up. Oh, yes, they'll get beer, all they want, when it's over. Yes; I tell you Jimmie never does anything by halves." "Who pays for all these lights—the people?" asks the Spectator. "Jimmie gets a man a job in the Street-Cleaning Department, you see, and the man decorates his fire-escape. That's the way he shows Jimmie his gratitude," was the answer.

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The last bony white horse and peddler's cart with its lime-light had passed, and the Spectator started homeward. One block away a darkness that might be felt covered the street. It was out of Jimmie's district, out of the rays of his protection, out of the reach of his generosity, beyond the reach of his "big heart," for the votes there did not count in Jimmie's district. Early the next morning the Spectator was on a surface car that crosses Jimmie's district. Bootblacks, newsboys, young boys on their way to work, wore white caps with narrow black band and visor. Jimmie's caps were the badge of allegiance worn proudly by the coming voters.

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How Can Lynching be Checked in the South?

By the Rev. Quincy Ewing

[The Rev. Quincy Ewing, who contributes this article in response to a request from the editors of The Outlook, is the author of the vigorous sermon upon the remedies for lynching from which we quoted in our editorial of September 7 on "The Epidemic of Savagery." This sermon, which was widely republished by influential newspapers, was delivered before the Protestant Episcopal congregation at Greenville, Mississippi. It brought Mr. Ewing, he writes us, a heavy correspondence from Maine to Louisiana, and the only letters condemning the advanced position he took respecting the rights of all men to the protection of impartial law were two from the North. The present article, written for an audience chiefly Northern, resembles his sermon in its fearless condemnation of race prejudice in the section to which it is addressed.—THE EDITORS.]

THE question printed above does not imply by any means that the lynching spirit finds a congenial dwelling-place in one section of this country known as the South, and is utterly homeless and unwelcome in another section known as the North. It does not imply that the Southern white man is constitutionally, or even temperamentally, more disposed to strike down and trample upon the safeguards of social order and civilization than his white brother of the North. It does not imply that the land of Jefferson Davis stands to-day in greater need than the land of Abraham Lincoln of taking to heart the highest lesson of human civilization—the rights of man as man.

For who is able to say, with a consolatory sense of certainty, that human rights as such are more deeply, sanely, vitally regarded in one section of this country than in another? Who among us *knows* that what I have called the highest lesson of human civilization—the rights of man as man—has been so well learned in the land of Lincoln, so stamped upon the fibers of its conscience, that the lynching spirit has no home at all there, and could not, under circumstances like those that belong to the South, find large room for its bloody and brutal exercise? Speaking for myself, a Southern man, I should most heartily welcome such knowledge. I should rejoice to know that in one great section of the United States the rights of men were held vitally sacred, because they are the rights of men. Knowledge that the land which holds the dust of Lincoln has never buried and forgotten his redemptive spirit were at once the seat of inspiration and glad prophecy. For, surely, if there were certainty that human rights as such were held vitally sacred in the Northern States of the Union, the time could not seem far distant when those States would lead all the rest up the steeps of a nobler civilization by the power of a protest and appeal that could not be resisted. If it was true when spoken, and certainly it was, in the nature of things, that this Republic could not long endure half slave and half free, it is equally true, to-day, that the Republic could not long endure half of it civilized and half uncivilized. If half of it to-day is sufficiently civilized to be uncompromisingly devoted to the intrinsic rights of man—the rights that inspired the Declaration of Independence and breathed the soul into the Constitution—not long will the other half continue to practice or desire the lynching, by rope or fagot, of fellow-beings accused of crime, because their skins are black.

The men of the North are under obligation to face this fact, and face it squarely and honestly; the fact, namely, that they are not known by the men of the South to be heartily, uncompromisingly devoted to human rights as such; and they cannot rightly blame the men of the South for not knowing them in this light. It is not so very long ago that negroes as negroes were chased by a mob in New York City. Negroes are occasionally lynched in Northern States, when it seems clear enough that it was their color, not their crime, which set the lynchers to work. And so the Southern white man cannot be blamed for not knowing that he is rebuked by the Northern man's uncom-

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promising devotion to human rights; cannot be blamed if he says to himself, or aloud, "Northern people would treat the nigger just as we do, if they had him in the North as we have him here!"—whatever blame he may deserve for excusing the low moral standard of his own section by pointing to the equally low standard of another.

When, therefore, the question is asked, "How can lynching be checked in the South?" nothing is implied by way of criticism of the South, in comparison with the North, save this only, that very many more lynchings, as a matter of fact, occur in the South than in the North—in the South, where the great bulk of the negro population is concentrated. The South by its negro lynchings proclaims loudly and with terrible frequency that it has not grown civilized enough to hold sacred and to safeguard human rights as such. Whether or not the North has grown civilized enough to do this is a question that cannot be lightly answered in the affirmative. There is strong evidence to the effect that it has not.

That the lynching evil in the South involves an immense responsibility in the North is not to be doubted. The South will hardly rid itself of the evil without the help of the North—the help of the best spirit of the North. Partisan politicians, flaunting the tattered red rag of sectionalism, can do us no good, can do us only unspeakable harm. Already, perhaps, the insane flaunting of that red rag by partisan, self-seeking politicians has meant the lynching of scores of black men in the South. Nay, the kind of help we need is not to be had from partisan speeches on the floor of Congress, or partisan political editorials in popular newspapers, urging the North to protest and stand solid against a solid South—section righteous against section unrighteous; the help we need must come to us as an uplifting inspiration and appeal from the great conscience of the great North, declaring, in whatever voice, its vital loyalty and obedience to the gospel of the rights of men as men, and sternly declining to adulterate this loyalty, to lower the standard of this obedience, on any ground, at the bidding of any temptation in any form.

The gospel of the rights of men as men, truly held and nobly preached and practiced north of Mason and Dixon's line, could not in our day be merely local in its regenerative effects. It would necessarily cross that line, and lay the ax to the root of the tree, and compel the bringing forth of works meet for repentance, even unto the extremest southern region of the South.

Thousands of the best people of the South are as heartily opposed to the lynching of the negro as any thousands in the North; but, unfortunately, in all or nearly all the Southern States, so far, the people opposed to negro lynching are in the minority. The problem confronting us is how to turn this minority into a majority, so that legislators may be elected who will not shy away from an anti-lynching bill for fear of losing their local political prestige. The legislatures of the Southern States can put a stop to lynching within their State lines whenever they are minded to. The difficulty is to get them minded to. And this difficulty can be met and overcome only by raising public sentiment to the point where the individual legislator who declined to vote for an iron-clad anti-lynching bill would have good reason to fear popular displeasure. Politicians are politicians South as well as North! In accordance with the Governor's message, an attempt was made at the last meeting of the Mississippi Legislature to pass an anti-lynching bill—and it could not get through the Senate! It goes without saying that the distinguished Senators would have let this bill get through, had they not felt pretty sure that their veto would give no offense to the majority of their constituents.

So I say the answer to our question, "How can lynching be checked in the South?" is ultimately and necessarily the answer to another question, viz., How can public sentiment against lynching be brought about in the South? To this latter question the reply is by no means difficult. There is the press, there is the pulpit. Does any one suppose for a moment that they could not bring about such sentiment if they heartily undertook to do it? Consider: in the State of Mississippi—not, I believe, specially blessed in the number of its evangelists—there are several hundred white preachers of the Methodist denomination alone ministering to all sorts and conditions of white

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men. What could they not accomplish in behalf of law and order, against anarchy and murder, if they chose to? Join with them the Baptist, Presbyterian, Roman Catholic, and Episcopalian pulpits, and who can measure the uplift that would follow toward law and order, away from anarchy and murder? Join the powerful newspapers in the same fight with these hundreds of pulpits, and how can any one dream that lynching would not be checked, would not be stopped, in every Southern State?

What is the matter with the Southern press, what is the matter with the Southern pulpit, that it should be necessary to say what they might do, in the face of a widespread, horrible, brutalizing, degrading evil? Are the men capable of editing and shaping the ethical policy of the leading newspapers of the South incapable of being horrified by this evil, corrupting like a cancer the very heart of our Southern civilization? Or, perceiving the evil and duly horrified by it, are they afraid to condemn it in the language and with the energy it should properly inspire lest their subscription lists should suffer?

And the pulpits—what is the matter with them? Are the men fit to fill them unfit to recognize murder when they see it? Or, fit to recognize it, are they morally unfit to stand in their pulpits and call it by its name? Not much longer can the Christian preachers of the Southern States afford to keep silent on the crime of negro lynching; they must speak out, and in tones that ring true to the spirit of Jesus Christ; they must speak out, or have it written against them that their ministry is a mockery of the spirit of Jesus Christ; they must speak out, or have it flung at them that perhaps it is their bread and butter which doth make cowards of them!

Will they speak out in tones like those that make the heart of every true man throb faster in gratitude as often as he reads the twenty-third chapter of Matthew? Will they? The question is a tremendous one in view of the possibilities to our civilization depending upon its answer. When pulpit and press speak together for justice, for law and order, and unflinchingly against the despicable injustice, the wild riot of anarchy and murder, that this Southland witnesses, and is brutalized in witnessing, every time a lynching mob gets to work; when they speak together, conscious that their speech rings true to the dominant beats of the great heart of the Nation, then, surely, the days of exultation for lynching mobs in the South will be quickly numbered; the black man accused of crime will be dealt with by the calm majesty of the same law which vindicates itself when it lays hold upon the person or property of the white man; the gospel of the rights of men as men, sadly ignored in the South to-day, sadly unheeded in the North, will have fought a way in which to lead men far forward to the amplitude of its final triumph.

Why Not?

By Lucy Elliot Keeler

IN one of Emerson's last public addresses he referred in glowing terms to some poet whose name he did not think it necessary to speak. A group of school-girls, on leaving the hall, fell into conjecture on the subject, each offering her own solution to the problem. As one of them turned off into a side street, she espied the lecturer coming slowly behind. Impulsively she ran back: "Please, Mr. Emerson," she cried, "wasn't it Wordsworth?" With a smile half sphinxlike and all serene, the sage responded, "Why not?"

For a moment both stood silent, then the girl ran on into the fast-gathering dusk. Years have passed. The brief, unprinted address has faded from her mind; but the answer which was but a second riddle follows her still. In the perplexities of later life, when problems she could not solve have hedged her in, she has seemed to see a face of tenderness and wisdom turned upon her, urging her to solve her own riddles; she has seemed to hear a voice which, while never answering her petition, has comforted and cheered her. Is it thus that a kind Father answers our impulsive requests? Why not?

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The Man from Glengarry

By Ralph Connor

Author of "Black Rock," "The Sky Pilot," etc.

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Chapter XVIII.—"Not of My Kind"

THE story of the riot in which Ranald played so important a part filled the town and stirred society to its innermost circles—those circles, namely, in which the De Lacys lived and moved. The whole town began talking of the Glengarry men, and especially of their young leader, who had, with such singular ability and pluck, rescued the Ottawas, with Harry and Lieutenant De Lacy, from their perilous position.

The girls had the story from Harry's lips, and in his telling of it Ranald's courage and skill certainly lost nothing; but to Maimie, while it was pleasant enough for her to hear of Ranald's prowess, and while she enjoyed the reflected glory that came to her as his friend, the whole incident became altogether hateful and distressing. She found herself suddenly famous in her social world; every one was talking of her, but, to her horror, was connecting Ranald's name with hers in a most significant way. It was too awful! and if her Aunt Frances should hear of it, the consequences would be quite too terrible for her to imagine. She must stop the talk at once. Of course she meant to be kind to Ranald; he had done her great service, and he was her Aunt Murray's friend, and, besides, she liked him; how much, she hardly cared to say to herself. She had liked him in Glengarry. There was no doubt of that, but that was two years ago, and in Glengarry everything was different! There one was just as good as another, and those people were all her Aunt Murray's friends. Here the relations were changed. She could not help feeling that, however nice he might be, and however much she might like him, Ranald was not of her world.

"Well, tell him so; let him see that," said Kate, with whom Maimie was discussing her difficulty.

"Yes, and then he would fly off and I—we would never see him again," said Maimie. "He's as proud as—any one!"

"Strange, too," said Kate, "when he has no money to speak of!"

"You know I don't mean that, and I don't think it's very nice of you. You have no sympathy with me!"

"In what way?"

"Well, in this very unpleasant affair; every one is talking about Ranald and me as if I—as if we had some understanding."

"And have you not? I thought—" Kate hesitated to remind Maimie of certain confidences she had received two years ago, after her friend had returned from Glengarry.

"Oh, absurd—just a girl-and-boy affair," said Maimie, impatiently.

"Then there's nothing at all?" said Kate, with a suspicion of eagerness in her voice.

"No, of course not—that is, nothing really serious."

"Serious? You mean you don't care for him at all?" Kate looked straight at her friend.

"Oh, you are so awfully direct. I don't know. I do care; he's nice in many ways, and he's—I know he likes me, and—I would hate to wound him; but then, you know, he's not just one of us. You know what I mean!"

"Not exactly," said Kate, quietly. "Do you mean he is not educated?"

"Oh, no, I don't mean education altogether. How very tiresome you are!

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He has no culture, and manners, and that sort of thing."

"I think he has very fine manners. He is a little quaint, but you can't call him rude."

"Oh, no, he's never rude—rather abrupt, but—oh dear, don't you know? What would Aunt Frank say to him?"

Kate's lip curled a little. "I'm very sure I can't say, but I can imagine how she would look."

"Well, that's it—"

"But," went on Kate, "I can imagine, too, how Ranald would look back at her if he caught her meaning."

"Well, perhaps," said Maimie, with a little laugh; "and that's just it. Oh, I wish he were—"

"A lieutenant?" suggested Kate.

"Well, yes, I do," said Maimie, desperately.

"And if he were, you would marry him," said Kate—a shade of contempt in her tone that Maimie failed to notice.

"Yes, I would."

Kate remained silent.

"There now, you think I am horrid, I know," said Maimie. "I suppose you would marry him if he were a mere nobody!"

"If I loved him," said Kate, with slow deliberation and a slight tremor in her voice, "I'd marry him if he were—a shantyman!"

"I believe you would," said Maimie, with a touch of regret in her voice; "but, then, you've no Aunt Frank."

"Thank Providence!" replied Kate, under her breath.

"And I'm sure I don't want to offend her. Just listen to this." Maimie pulled out a letter and, turning over the pages, found the place and began to read: "'I am so glad to hear that you are enjoying your stay in Quebec'—um—um—um, 'fine old city;' um—um—um—'gates and streets,' 'old days,' um—um—um—'noble citadel, glorious view,' um—um—um—um—'finest in the world—.' No, that isn't it—oh yes, here it is: 'The De Lacys are a very highly connected English family and very old friends of my friends the Lord Archers, with whom I visited in England, you know. The mother is a dear old lady—so stately and so very particular, with old-fashioned ideas of breeding and manners, and, of course, very wealthy. Her house in Quebec is said to be the finest in the Province, and there are some English estates, I believe, in their line. Lieutenant De Lacy is her only son, and, from what you say, he seems to be a very charming young man. He will occupy a very high place some day. I suppose Kate will'—um—um—um—oh yes, 'And if Mrs. De Lacy wishes you to visit her you might accept'—um—um—um—'and tell Kate that I should be delighted if she could accompany me on a little jaunt through the Eastern States. I have asked permission of her father.' But she wrote you herself about that, didn't she?'—um—um—um—and then listen to this: 'How very odd you should have come across the young man from Glengarry again—MacLennan, is it? Mac—something-or-other! Your Aunt Murray seems to consider him a very steady and worthy young man. I hope he may not degenerate in his present circumstances and calling, as so many of his class do. I am glad your father was able to do something for him. These people ought to be encouraged.' Now you see!" Maimie's tone was quite triumphant.

"Yes," said Kate, "I do see. 'These people' should be encouraged to make our timber for us, that we may live in ease and luxury, and even to save us from fire and from bloodthirsty mobs, as occasions may offer; but as for friendships and that sort of thing—"

"Oh, Kate," burst in Maimie, almost in tears, "you are so very unkind! You know quite well what I mean."

"Yes, I know quite well; you would not invite Ranald, for instance, to dine at your house, to meet your Aunt Frank, and the Evanses, and the Langfords, and the Maitlands," said Kate, spacing her words with deliberate indignation.

"Well, I would not, if you put it in that way," said Maimie, petulantly, "and you wouldn't either."

"I would ask him to meet every Maitland of them, if I could," said Kate; "and it wouldn't hurt them either."

"Oh, you are so peculiar," said Maimie, with a sigh of pity.

"Am I?" said Kate. "Ask Harry," she continued, as that young man came into the room.

"No, you needn't mind," said Maimie,

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"I know well he will just side with you. He always does."

"How very amiable of me!" said Harry; "but what's the particular issue?"

"Ranald," said Kate.

"Then I agree at once. Besides, he is coming to supper next Sunday evening."

"Oh, Harry!" exclaimed Maimie in dismay—"on Sunday evening?"

"He can't get off any other night; works all night, I believe, and would work all Sunday, too, if his principles didn't mercifully interfere. He will be boss of the concern before summer is over."

"Oh, Harry," said Maimie, in distress, "and I asked Lieutenant De Lacy and his friend, Mr. Sims, for Sunday evening—"

"Sims!" cried Harry—"little cad!"

"I'm sure he's very nice," said Maimie, "and his family—"

"Oh, hold up! don't get on to your ancestor worship," cried Harry, impatiently. "Anyway, Ranald's coming up Sunday evening."

"Well, it will be very awkward," said Maimie.

"I don't see why," said Kate.

"Oh," cried Harry, scornfully, "he will have on his red flannel shirt and a silk handkerchief, and his trousers will be in his boots; that's what Maimie is thinking of!"

"You are very rude, Harry," said Maimie. "You know quite well that Ranald will not enjoy himself with the others. He has nothing in common with them."

"Oh, I wouldn't worry about that, Maimie," said Kate. "I will talk to Ranald." But Maimie was not quite sure how she should like that.

"You are just your Aunt Frank over again," said Harry, in a disgusted tone—"clothes and people!"

Maimie was almost in tears. "I think you are both very unkind. You know Ranald won't enjoy it. He will be quite miserable and—they'll just laugh at him!"

"Well, they'd better laugh at him when he isn't observing," said Harry.

"Do you think Ranald would really mind?" interposed Kate, addressing Harry. "Do you think he will feel shy and awkward? Perhaps we'd better have him another evening."

"No," said Harry, decidedly. "He is coming, and he's coming on Sunday evening. He can't get off any other night, and, besides, I'd have to lie to him, and he has an unpleasant way of finding you out when you are doing it, and once he does find out why he is not asked for Sunday evening, then you may say good-by to him for good and all."

"Oh, no fear of that," said Maimie, confidently. "Ranald has good sense, and I know he will come again."

"Well," cried Harry, "if you are not going to treat him as you would treat De Lacy and that idiotic Sims, I won't bring him." And with that he flung out of the room.

But Harry changed his mind, for next Sunday evening, as the young ladies with De Lacy and his friend were about to sit down to supper in their private parlor, Harry walked in with Ranald, and announced in triumph, "The Man from Glengarry!" Maimie looked at him in dismay, and indeed she well might, for Ranald was dressed in his most gorgeous shanty array, with red flannel shirt and silk handkerchief, and trousers tucked into his boots. Sims gazed at him as if he were an apparition. It was Kate who first broke the silence.

"We are delighted to see you," she cried, going forward to Ranald with hand outstretched; "you are become quite a hero in this town."

"Quite, I assure you," said the lieutenant, in a languid voice, but shaking Ranald heartily by the hand.

Then Maimie came forward and greeted him with ceremonious politeness and introduced him to Mr. Sims, who continued to gaze at the shantyman's attire with amused astonishment.

The supper was not a success; Ranald sat silent and solemn, eating little and smiling not at all, although Mr. Sims executed his very best jokes. Maimie was nervous and visibly distressed, and at the earliest possible moment broke up the supper party and engaged in conversation with the lieutenant and his witty friend, leaving Harry and Kate to entertain Ranald. But, in spite of all they could do, a solemn silence would now and then overtake the company, till at length Maimie grew desperate, and, turning to Ranald, said, "What are you thinking of? You are looking very serious."

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"He is 'thinking of home and mother,'" quoted Mr. Sims in a thin, piping voice, following his quotation with a silly giggle.

Kate flushed indignantly. "I am quite sure his thoughts will bear telling," she said.

"I am sure they would," said Maimie, not knowing what to say. "What were they, Ran—Mr. Macdonald?"

"I was thinking of you," said Ranald, gravely, looking straight at her.

"How lovely!" murmured the lieutenant.

"And of your aunt, Mrs. Murray, and of what they would be doing this night—"

"And what would that be?" said Kate, coming to the relief of her friend. But Ranald was silent.

"I know," cried Harry. "Let's see; it is ten o'clock; they will all be sitting in the Manse dining-room before the big fire; or, no, they will be in the parlor where the piano is, and John 'Aleck' will be there, and they will be singing;" and he went on to describe his last Sabbath evening, two years before, in the Glengarry Manse. As he began to picture his aunt and her work, his enthusiasm carried him away and made him eloquent.

"I tell you," he concluded, "she's a rare woman, and she has a hundred men there ready to die for her; eh, Ranald?"

"Yes," said Ranald, and his deep voice vibrated with intense feeling—"they would just die for her, and why not? She is a great woman and good." His dark face was transformed, and his eyes glowed with an inner light.

In the silence that followed, Kate went to the harmonium and began to play softly. Ranald stood up as to go, but suddenly changed his mind and went over and stood beside her.

"You sing, don't you?" said Kate, as she played softly.

"You ought to just hear him," said Harry.

"Oh, what does he sing?"

"I only sing the psalm tunes in church," said Ranald, "and a few hymns."

"Ye gods!" ejaculated the lieutenant to Maimie, "psalms and hymns! and how the fellow knocked those Frenchmen about!"

"Sing something, Kate, won't you?" said Maimie; and Kate, without a word, began the beautiful air from Mendelssohn's "St. Paul"—

But the Lord is mindful of his own,

singing it with a power of expression marvelous in so young a girl. Then, without further request, she glided into the lovely aria, "O rest in the Lord." It was all new and wonderful to Ranald. He did not dream that such majesty and sweetness could be expressed in music. He sat silent, with eyes looking far away and face alight with the joy that filled his soul.

"Oh, thanks, very much," murmured the lieutenant when Kate had finished. "Lovely thing, that aria, don't you know!"

"Very nice," echoed Mr. Sims, "and so beautifully done, too."

Ranald looked from one to the other in indignant surprise, and then, turning away from them to Kate, said, in a tone almost of command, "Sing it again."

"I'll sing something else," she said. "Did you ever hear—"

"No, I never heard anything at all like that," interrupted Ranald. "Sing some more like the last."

The deep feeling showing in his face and in his tone touched Kate.

"How would this do?" she replied. "It is a little high for me, but I'll try."

She played a few introductory chords and then began that sweetest bit of the greatest of all the oratorios, "He shall feed His flock;" and from that passed into the soul-moving "He was despised," from the same noble work. The music suited the range and quality of her voice perfectly, and she sang with her heart thrilling in response to the passionate feeling in the dark eyes fixed upon her face. She had never sung to any one who listened as Ranald now listened to her. She forgot the others. She was singing for him, and he was compelling her to her best. She was conscious of a subtle sense of mastery overpowering her, and with a strange delight she yielded herself to that commanding influence; but as she sang she began to realize that he was thinking, not of her, but of her song, and soon she, too, was thinking of it. She knew that his eyes were filled with the vision of "the Man of Sorrows" of whom she sang, and before she was aware the pathos of that lonely and despised life set forth in the noble words of the ancient

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prophet was pouring forth in the great master's music.

When the song was ended, no one spoke for a time, and even Mr. Sims was silent. Then the lieutenant came over to the harmonium and, leaning towards Kate, said, in an earnest voice unusual with him, "Thank you, Miss Raymond. That was truly great."

"Great, indeed," said Harry, with enthusiasm. "I never heard you sing like that before, Kate."

But Ranald sat silent, finding no words in which to express the thoughts and feelings her singing had roused in him.

There is that in noble music which forbids unreality, rebukes frivolity into silence, subdues ignoble passion, soothes the heart's sorrow, and summons to the soul high and holy thoughts. It was difficult to begin the conversation; the trivial themes of the earlier part of the evening seemed foreign to the mood that had fallen upon the company. At length Mr. Sims ventured to remark, with a giggle, "It's awfully fine, don't you know, but a trifle funereal. Makes one think of graves and that sort of thing. Very nice, of course," he added, apologetically, to Kate. Ranald turned and regarded the little man for some moments in silence, and then with unutterable scorn exclaimed—

"Nice! Man, it's wonderful! wonderful to me, whatever! Makes me think of all the great things I ever saw."

"What things?" Kate ventured to say.

For a few moments Ranald paused, and then replied:

"It makes me think of the big pine-trees waving and wailing over me at night, and the big river rolling down with the moonlight on it—and—other things."

"What other things, Ranald?" persisted Kate.

But Ranald shook his head and sat silent for some time. Then he rose abruptly.

"I will be going now," he said.

"You will come again soon, Ranald," said Maimie, coming towards him with a look on her face that reminded him of the days in the Glengarry Manse. She had forgotten all about his red shirt and silk handkerchief. As Ranald caught that look, a great joy leaped into his eyes for a moment, then faded into a gaze of perplexity.

"Yes, do come," added Kate.

"Will you sing again?" he asked, bluntly.

"Yes, indeed," she replied, with a slight blush, "if you want me to."

"I will come. When? To-morrow night?"

"Yes, certainly, to-morrow night," said Kate, blushing deeply now, for she noticed the slight smile on Harry's face, and the glance that passed between Mr. Sims and the lieutenant. Then Ranald said good-night.

"I have never had such pleasure in my life," he said, holding her hand a moment and looking into her eyes that sparkled with a happy light. "That is," he added, with a swift glance at Maimie, "from music or things like that."

Kate caught the glance, and the happy light faded from her eyes.

"Good-night," said Ranald, offering his hand to Maimie. "I am glad I came now. It makes me think of the last night at the Manse; although I am always thinking of it," he added, simply, with a touch of sadness in his voice. Maimie's face grew hot with blushes.

"Yes," she answered, hurriedly. "Dear Aunt Murray!"

He stood a moment or two as if about to speak, while Maimie waited in an agony of fear, not knowing what to expect from this extraordinary young man. Then he turned abruptly away, and, with a good-night to De Lacy and a nod to Mr. Sims, strode from the room.

"Great Cæsar's ghost!" exclaimed the lieutenant. "Pardon me, but has anything happened? That young man now and then gives me a sense of tragedy. What *has* taken place?" he panted weakly.

"Nonsense!" laughed Maimie, "your nervous system is rather delicate."

"Ah, thanks, no doubt that's it. Miss Kate, how do you feel?"

"I?" said Kate, waking suddenly; "thank you, quite happy."

"Happy!" sighed De Lacy. "Ah, fortunate young man!"

"Great chap, that," cried Harry, coming back from seeing Ranald to the door.

"Very," said De Lacy, so emphatically that every one laughed.

"Some one really ought to dress him, though," suggested Mr. Sims, with a slight sneer.

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"Why?" said Kate, quietly, facing him.

"Oh, well, you know, Miss Raymond," stammered Mr. Sims, "that sort of attire, you know, is hardly the thing for the drawing-room, you know."

"He is a shantyman," said Maimie, apologetically, "and they all dress like that. I don't suppose that he has any other clothes with him."

"Oh, of course," assented Mr. Sims, retreating before this double attack.

"Besides," continued Kate, "it is good taste to dress in the garb of your profession, isn't it, Lieutenant De Lacy?"

"Oh, come now, Miss Kate, that's all right," said the lieutenant, "but you must draw the line somewhere, you know. Those colors, now, you must confess, are a little startling."

"You didn't mind the colors when he saved you the other day from that awful mob!"

"One for you, De Lacy," cried Harry.

"Quite right," answered the lieutenant, "but don't mistake me. I distinguish between a fellow and his clothes."

"For my part," said Kate, "I don't care how a man is dressed; if I like him. I like him should he appear in a blanket and feathers."

"Don't speak of it!" gasped the lieutenant.

"Do let's talk of something else," said Maimie, impatiently.

"Delighted, I am sure," said De Lacy; "and that reminds me that Madam was thinking of a picnic down the river this week—just a small company, you know. The man would drive her down, and take the hamper and things, and we would go down by boat. Awful pull back, though," he added, regretfully; "but if it should give any pleasure—delighted, you know," bowing gallantly to the ladies.

"Delightful!" cried Maimie.

"And Ranald pulls splendidly," said Kate.

Maimie looked at her, wondering how she knew that. "I don't think Ranald can get away every day. I'm sure he can't; can he, Harry?" she said.

"No," said Harry, "no more can I, worse luck! The governor is sticking awfully close to work just now."

"And, of course, you can't be spared," said Kate, mockingly. "But couldn't you both come later? We could wait tea for you."

"Might," said Harry. "I shall make my best endeavor for your sake," bowing towards Kate, "but I am doubtful about Ranald. Perhaps we'd better not—"

"Why, certainly, old chap," said the lieutenant; "what's the matter?"

"Well, the fact is," blurted out Harry, desperately, "I don't want to drag in Ranald. I like him awfully, but you may feel as if he were not quite one of us. You know what I mean; your mother doesn't know him."

Harry felt extremely awkward, knowing that he came perilously near to suspecting the lieutenant of the most despicable snobbery.

"Why, certainly," repeated the lieutenant. "That's all right. Bring your Glengarry man along if any one wants him."

"I do," said Kate, decidedly.

"Kismet," replied the lieutenant. "It is decreed. The young man must come, for I suspect he is very much 'one of us.'" But of this the lieutenant was not quite so certain by the time the day of the picnic had arrived.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

Fairy Gold

By Priscilla Leonard

The footsteps of the summer fade
Far through the meadow and the glade,
And Autumn, laughing, brown, and gay,
Comes dancing down the woodland way.
Her russet wand she waves, and, lo!
Forest and field and thicket glow
With treasure wondrous and untold,
A flooding tide of fairy gold.

Ah! foolish Winter—fast he flies
To clutch, with miser's hand, the prize;
Vainly he strips the branches bare—
The magic treasures fade in air.
His eager, shivering fingers hold
No remnant of the fairy gold,
And, crouching sullenly, he grieves
O'er worthless heaps of withered leaves.

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Woman's Work at a German University

By Lydia Lois Tilley

FOR an American man the gaining of admission to a German university is a simple matter. As a rule, he presents his passport and is admitted at once to all the privileges of the student body. The German must have been graduated from the *Gymnasium*, where he has accomplished as much work as would admit to the junior class of one of our colleges. German professors know little of our college standards, but they realize that when a man comes from America to study he is in earnest. As a matter of fact, very few Americans go to the German universities who are not college graduates. With the woman, the question of admission is quite another matter. She may hear the lectures if she can gain the consent of the individual professors, but throughout her work at the university she is on a different footing from the man. She does not pay the matriculation fee, nor does she receive the card which admits the student to concerts at half price and gives him the right, in the event of a misdemeanor, to be tried before the university tribunal instead of in the civil court, and to be incarcerated in the university prison. The usual condition upon which permission to hear lectures is granted to foreign women is college graduation. The German women, who have no colleges where they may prepare for the university, are, as a rule, admitted to the courses open to women if they have passed the teachers' examinations which are arranged in connection with teachers' courses in several of the university towns.

The attitudes of the professors towards women students differ greatly. While some are very kind to women, others at the same university and in the same line of work refuse admission to their lecture-rooms to women applicants. In a recent discussion of the question of admitting women to the university which has appeared in the German press, such objections have been seriously made as these: the women by their variety of dress distract the attention of the men; they disturb the professor by whispering during his lectures; they avail themselves of the opportunity afforded by the lectures to "make up" to the men, diverting their thoughts from their work! Professor Roethe in Göttingen refuses to women admission to his lectures on German literature because, as is said, their presence would restrict him in his treatment of the subject. His colleague, Professor Morsbach, admits to his lectures on English literature no women except English and American college graduates. Professor Heyne, of the same university, advocates the admission of women, does not insist upon college graduation, and is kind and helpful to all women students. Professors Kline and Hilbert, of the mathematical department of Göttingen, are also very kind to women.

Permission to hear the lectures at any given university does not imply, however, that it will be possible for the woman to take there her doctor's examination. There are still only a few German universities where degrees are conferred upon women. Göttingen and Halle are two that are liberal in this respect.

Having settled the question of admission, the next thing is to decide on the lectures to be heard. The few words in the booklet announcing the courses for the semester often give little idea of the nature of the lecture. The heading "Differential Equations," for instance, might stand for lectures on any part of the subject from the first elements to the results of the professor's individual work. For the man, there is a custom which permits him to hear for several weeks all the lectures he desires before choosing those for which he will sign and pay. The woman, when she gains the professor's consent to hear him, must gain as well his permission to drop the course at the end of several lectures, if she finds it not adapted to her needs. The German students avail themselves largely of the privilege of hearing lectures probationally, and for foreigners it is even more desirable. At first the mere mannerisms of delivery of the lecturer may make his hours profitless to the newcomer, who hears preferably those lecturers whose enunciation is good.

Having ascertained from the not very

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legible notices in the German script on the bulletin-board when and where our first lecture would be given, a few minutes after the hour we hung our wraps in the hallway, with those of the other students, and took the front seats in the large lecture-room, which we had reserved with our cards several days before. The desks were arranged one tier above another up to the tightly closed windows. Around were numerous charts and complicated apparatus for experiments. The room filled quickly, the students bringing their ink-wells and packages of notes. About us were hard-working Germans with closely clipped hair and ill-fitting clothes, German corps students adorned with their bright colors and conspicuous scars, handsome sun-browned Italians, Frenchmen, Polish Jews, Japanese—representatives of almost every people. Scattered among the two hundred odd men were perhaps a dozen women—Germans, Russians, Americans, and Englishwomen. The professor entered quickly, soon after the gong in the hallway had sounded a quarter past the hour, and, amid loud applause made by the scraping of the men's feet, bowed briefly, and began: "*Meine Herren*" (Gentlemen). His tall form was bent with years, and his first low words were lost amid the noise of the closing of doors and of the students settling down to work. There was quiet in a minute, however, and then on and on we wrote, with every sense alert to catch the rapid words, and with a deepening realization, as the minutes flew by, that we were listening to one of the greatest authorities of our day. Promptly as the gong sounded the expiration of the hour the professor bowed himself out amid more scraping of feet, and the German students hurried away to refresh themselves before the next lecture with a glass of beer and a sandwich of brown bread and sausage.

The hard-working German student hears often as many as forty hours of lectures a week. The time of the year's lecture-hearing is short, and is divided into two semesters—the winter semester, from the first of November to the first of March, and the summer semester, from the first of May to the first of August. In the winter lectures begin at eight and in the summer at seven in the morning, and, with an intermission of an hour in the middle of the day, are continued in the different departments until ten at night. The German student devotes almost all his working hours during the semester to note-taking, and regards the long vacations as the time for re-reading his notes, parallel work, and development of his thesis. It is, therefore, necessary for the American, in entering upon work at a German university, to change entirely his former plan in lecture-hearing—of covering less ground and working more thoroughly as he goes over the ground he covers. In fact, he feels in many ways that his traditions of study have been pulled up by the roots. From the first he wonders at the lack of haste shown by the Germans, at the spirit which leads the hard-working German student, after a certain number of hours' study, to lay aside his work and spend the rest of his day in a long walk, or with his club friends over his pipe and beer-mug. As the American settles down to study he is impressed more and more by the completeness with which the responsibility of his work is thrown upon himself. With no recitations, no quizzes, he can go on from week to week and from month to month doing as little or as much work as he will. When the time comes to decide on his thesis, he is not able, as a rule, to obtain many suggestions from his professor, and has to rely principally on himself both for the selection of his theme and the details of its working out. The professor is generally much more interested in his own individual investigation than in that of his pupil. The idea is that when the student comes to the university he is there to work for himself, and to develop some line of his subject which has not yet been investigated. The length of stay at the university depends entirely upon the amount of work accomplished. It is required that the American college graduate applying for the doctor's degree shall show three years of graduate study, and that two of these years shall have been spent at German universities. Americans doing work in the languages find three years' residence abroad desirable, but students of mathematics or science, often getting sooner to their original work, are able to gain their degree in less time.

The characterizing quality of the work

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done at the German university is its thoroughness. In a course on the *Nibelungenlied* lasting throughout one semester the professor covered an introduction and one of the twenty books of the *Lied*. His plan was to impart a thorough conception of how the poem should be studied, and for the student to complete the work for himself. So thorough are the professors that the students often find it very difficult to satisfy their exactions concerning the minutiæ of the work. I know of one Englishman, a botanical student, whose experience was especially hard. A number of times he had thought his work completed, and each time the professor had suggested that he grow this or that plant to investigate some detail a little further. As the growing of the plants was an uncertain and at best not a speedy undertaking, the gentleman one day confided to his friends that his degree was verily in the hands of the Lord. While it is just this thoroughness which has given the German work its very high rank, still the method pursued to the extent that it is in the German lecture-room is open to the criticism of destroying much of the unity that the subject might gain by a more condensed treatment, and also of destroying much of the student's enthusiasm.

The life outside of the lecture-room in Germany is very pleasant. You live usually in a *pension*, and make many congenial aquaintances, with whom you go on long walks through the beautiful woods, or on wheeling trips over perfect roads with some picturesque old ruin or bit of fine scenery as the goal of the outing. You enjoy thoroughly the good music, sitting at a table in a pretty garden, or in a surprisingly inexpensive seat at the opera. At the theater you learn to know and to appreciate "Wallenstein" and "Torquato Tasso" as would be impossible from a reading of the texts. On all hands there are new sights, new customs, new ideals, all of which help you to gain a better conception of the things that are and the things that are not worth while in life, and make the stay in the foreign land of inestimable educational value.

Herbert B. Adams

By Daniel C. Gilman

Ex-President of Johns Hopkins University.

DURING the last few years a great deal of attention has been bestowed on American history. The enthusiasm awakened by the Centennial Exhibition of 1876 was perhaps the starting-point. At any rate, since that time our countrymen have seemed aware that their own history was well worth study in its local and its National aspects. The four volumes of Mr. Rhodes present the latest and in some aspects the best fruitage of recent investigation, though the period which it treats of is the period of the Civil War, its antecedents and its consequences—a period rich in lessons, but so fresh in the memories of living men that Mr. Rhodes's judicial mastery of the subject is a marvel. The earlier history by Henry Adams, McMaster's admirable work, Woodrow Wilson's current articles, Alexander Johnston's manual, the writings of John Fiske, of Lodge, Eggleston, and several other historians, not to mention biographers, belong to this period.

Among those who have given an impulse to such studies Professor Herbert B. Adams is one of the most honorable and useful. He entered upon his academic service in the centennial year, when the educated young men of this country were alive to the unprecedented advantages then opened to them in the free life of a new university established in Baltimore. He came to Johns Hopkins fresh from the lecture-room of Bluntschli at Heidelberg, by whom he had been taught to appreciate the value of institutions, the Church, the State, the family, the school, and to the end of his life institutional history was his favorite theme. He was at his best in the modern centuries and in Teutonic experience, but he was constantly seeking after the lessons of Chinese and Japanese civilization, and he was disposed to trace the origin of American ways, doctrines, and proceedings to their origin in Rome and Greece, and even in countries more ancient and remote.

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He was so fortunate as to bring around him, from year to year, some of the ablest and brightest of recent college graduates. Jameson, now of Chicago, followed him from Amherst, and quickly showed the unerring aptitude for research, the wonderful memory, and the unswerving devotion to truth which have marked his subsequent career. Woodrow Wilson continued under Adams the studies that he had taken up elsewhere, and carried on those researches which soon resulted in his volume on The State, and led up to his distinction as a political philosopher who is also a master of literary style. Albert Shaw, the editor of the "Review of Reviews," was another brilliant scholar who was intimate with Adams and was quickened by his suggestive and inspiring mind. President Small, of Colby University, left a professor's chair to spend a year in Baltimore. Haskins and Turner, now honored leaders of historical studies in the University of Wisconsin, came under the same influence, and so did Vincent, who became an acknowledged authority in the institutional history of Switzerland; nor are these all who acknowledge the leadership of Adams and their obligations to his suggestiveness, his helpfulness, his knowledge, and his judgment.

I remember that Von Holtz, after his lectures in Baltimore, said of Adams, "He ought to use more printer's ink." I doubt whether the remark was repeated to him, for certainly after the first years of his duties as a teacher he required no outside admonition, no foreign encouragement, to develop his power of publication. He began to print a series of monographs, which were called "Studies" in historical and political science, some written by himself, many by his pupils, more by his friends. Nearly forty octavo volumes have been issued in this series, which after a time was divided, the shorter papers appearing at frequent intervals, usually monthly, the longer constituting extra volumes, which came out occasionally. I think that the idea of turning to public services the papers prepared by university students came to our Adams from an older Adams in an older university, for certainly the volume on Anglo-Saxon law, edited by Henry Adams, of Harvard, was the work of his advanced students, years previous to the work of the Baltimore seminary. Whatever the origin of this idea, its development is one of the noteworthy signs of intellectual life in American universities. "Studies" are now given to the press, far and near, in history, politics, economics, sociology, and in many departments of literary and linguistic research.

Nor did Dr. Adams confine his editorial attention to this field. He undertook to prepare for the United States Bureau of Education a series of historical papers on the progress of education in the several States of the Union. These were excellent summaries of local experience, usually made by a son of the State described, and all of them supervised by the editor.

Such were the works of our departed friend as teacher and editor. But he is entitled to equal praise for the part that he took in forming the American Historical Association, and in conducting its affairs until the time when his death drew nigh. He had the tact to discover and attract the lovers of American history and to persuade them of the advantages not only of co-operation in the seclusion of their libraries, but also of communication with one another by word of mouth. The meetings have always included young and old, men and women, professors and students, writers and bibliographers—all and any who love to dwell upon the records of the past. For these meetings Dr. Adams devised the programmes, enlisted the speakers, looked after the arrangements, kept the records, wrote the reports, and published the proceedings. It seems to me that he more than any other person is entitled to be known as the founder of the Association.

Of these triple threads the strand of his life was made up. He never married, and after the death of his mother, to whom he was devoted, he knew nothing of the pleasures of a home. He dwelt among his living and his departed friends, his students and his colleagues, his papers and his books. His ways were cheerful, his step was brisk, his voice was clear and penetrating, his eyes were bright, his humor was spontaneous and frolicsome. His Christian faith was sincere and simple, free from biogotry and formality, outwardly shown by his conformity to the ways in which his fathers and forefathers walked. He was an out-and-out New Englander,

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versatile, practical, helpful, the worshiper of God and the lover of his fellow-man. There will be in Baltimore other teachers of American and institutional history, perhaps more learned, perhaps more philosophical, but there will be none more timely, none more useful, none more beloved than Herbert B. Adams, fellow, associate, associate professor, and professor in the Johns Hopkins University from 1876 to 1901. Another writer has said of him that "without being in any sense a great man, he was one of the most useful and productive teachers of history we have ever had; his methods were fresh and invigorating; his influence on his men was stimulating, and he really initiated a very distinct movement in contemporary historical study in this country."

A Phase of Human Nature

By Charles Battell Loomis

WHY is it that most men scorn to be thought willing to sell those things which it is not their business to sell?

I live in the country, and I have two neighbors, the one living opposite me and the other living next door. He who lives opposite adds to his income by letting out horses by the day or by the hour. He on my right raises delicious vegetables, for which he receives a fair equivalent in money.

There is no false pride on the part of Nathaniel Bradford when I go over and say that I wish to hire one of his horses for the afternoon; and when I go to Winfield S. Barton's for a basket of peas, he takes the market price as a matter of course.

But one day last week Mr. Bradford's horses were all suffering from some local ailment, and I, wanting a horse in a hurry, went in next door to see about hiring Mr. Barton's horse.

He is a jolly, good-tempered man, and we get along beautifully, but he stiffened up a little when I said I wanted to hire the horse.

"You can't *hire* my horse. I'm not in the livery business, and don't intend to go into it. You're quite welcome to borrow my horse for as long as you want it, but if you don't want to rile me don't talk about money again."

I thanked him for his good feeling and accepted his offer, and then said, "By the way, I want some more of that corn and some muskmelons."

"Corn's all gone. Can let you have some fine muskmelons for ten cents apiece, but the corn's gone by. I didn't plant near enough this year. Could have sold twice as much."

Well, I bought the melons, but I needed corn, so I went over to Bradford's, knowing that he has a garden for his own use.

"Can you sell me two dozen ears of corn? Mr. Barton is all out of it."

"*Sell* you corn? Sell my neighbor corn? I guess not. You're welcome to all you can pick, but I'm not selling vegetables *this* year."

I was perfectly willing to pay for it, but I took him at his word, as no one was going to town that day and I wanted the corn.

As I was coming away with the corn, I said, "By the way, when will your horses be in condition to rent again?"

Without a smile he said, "I guess I can let you have Charley to-morrow, if you want him. Say, I've got to go up a little on my horses. Oats are so high this summer that I'll have to charge you . . ."

It doesn't matter what his prices were, as that isn't the point; but I went out driving with Barton's horse and it cost me nothing, and I chuckled away at human nature, and I ate my steaming ears of Bradford's green corn and they cost me nothing, and I continued to chuckle at human nature. And that evening a man from Cooksville drove over and asked me what I'd charge to sing next day at a funeral, and I told him quite brusquely that singing wasn't my business; and then I remembered old human nature again, and burst out laughing—somewhat to his surprise. But I

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put him on the track of a tenor who needed money, so no harm was done. However, I decided that I had human nature as bad as the rest of 'em.

But, while it is all very ridiculous, there is a pleasant side to it. Take the man who is all business. Once in a while we run across him. He'll sell the coat off his back, or the shoes off his daughter's feet, or his good name off his family tree. If you're willing to pay him for singing he'll sing, even though he have no more voice than a centenarian tenor with a cold. He'll rent a friend's house to you and take a commission for doing it. Everything he does he does on a money basis, and he is thoroughly unlovable. And he is more apt to live in the city than in the country. Your countryman comes in for a large share of comic-paper ridicule, but he is the one who will give you a lift for nothing if you are toiling along the road; his cousin in the city would drive you off his truck at the point of his whip.

Your countryman will bring out a glass of milk when you have asked for water for yourself and bicycle, and he will laugh at the idea of your paying for it—he isn't in the milk business—he raises sheep for the market. Business is business with him, but he is willing to give much for the mere pleasure of giving; and if you call on him to buy a basket of apples in an off year when apples are high, he will like as not give you a bag of plums for nothing, just out of friendly feeling.

So, while I chuckled at my friends Nathaniel Bradford and Winfield S. Barton, my heart grew warm as I reflected that, after all, each in his own way was a good neighbor, and that neighborliness—*i. e.*, brotherliness—is one of the cardinal virtues, and thrives best under the country sun.

Lowell, the City of Spindles

By Lillian W. Betts

APPROACHING Lowell from Boston the traveler passes through scenery that compels him to note that ours is a new country in spite of the record of years we call its history. For miles the country is so sylvan that even traveling at the rate of sixty miles an hour is forgotten; one lives in the stage-coach days. Upland, meadow, hills, and valleys through which streams wander and divide, bearing no record on their rippling, dancing, tortuous surfaces of the work they have done before they found their freedom, separate the little hamlets here and there. The now rapidly developing town sites contradict these intervals that seem to have been as they are from the beginning of time. Suddenly one is carried into the midst of a city the factory walls of which so dominate that the thought of homes is not suggested. It is work, wages, profits, that the first glimpse of Lowell suggests. The two rivers, the Merrimac and the Concord, that have made it one of the great manufacturing centers of the world, made it the favorite camping-ground of the Pawtuckets and their related tribes.

Lowell, within its corporate limits, contains one of John Eliot's praying towns. It was the home of the noble Passaconaway, who urged Eliot to come and live with the Pawtuckets. Commenting on the proposal, Eliot said: "Truly my heart yearneth toward them, and I have a great desire to make an Indian towne that way"—the first suggestion of a Settlement, as we use the word to-day, in our history. The treatment Passaconaway and his tribe received from the white settlers stands in sharp contrast with their treatment of the intruders. His farewell speech is worthy of record, for it shows the far-sightedness of the statesman who reads the signs of his times:

"I am now going the way of all the earth; I am ready to die, and not likely to see you ever meet together any more. I will now leave this word of counsel with you: Take heed how you quarrel with the English; hearken to the last words of your father and friend. The white men are the sons of the morning. The Great Spirit is their Father. His sun shines bright about them. Never make war with them. Sure as you light

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the fires, the breath of heaven will turn the flame upon you and destroy you."

Early in the history of the settlement of this region the great possibilities of its natural waterways were recognized. Every encouragement was extended to manufacturers. Grants of land were given, and mills were located on the rivers.

The rapids of the Merrimac at Pawtucket Falls made rafting difficult and dangerous. The genius of the early settlers overcame this by building a canal one and a half miles long, connecting the Merrimac and the Concord. The idea was projected in 1792, and the canal was opened in 1797. The next year Middlesex Canal was incorporated. It was thirty-one miles in length, beginning above Pawtucket Falls and extending to Charlestown. This was the first canal in the United States to carry passengers, which it continued to do until the railroads absorbed the business of the canal.

It can be said with truth of Lowell that "Man made the town." The water-power of the two rivers commanded the attention of the ablest, most progressive and far-sighted manufacturers of those early days. These men, traveling in Europe, studied not only the application of science and invention as applied to textile manufacture in Great Britain, but they studied the evils of the factory system as it prevailed there. The town of New Lanark, in Scotland, where Robert Owen fought the fight for his fellow-workers and proved for all time that profits and humane treatment of working men and women are not antagonistic, made so deep an impression on these men that when they built the first cotton-mills at Waltham, Massachusetts, they built houses, churches, and schools at the same time. The success of the enterprise compelled the company to find a site offering greater water privileges. By accident the resources of Lowell were brought to their attention, and the Locks and Canals Corporation was chartered in 1821, followed in 1822 by the incorporation of the Merrimac Manufacturing Company. This laid the foundation of Lowell: a unique city, incorporated as a town in 1826, as a city in 1836.

The idea transplanted from New Lanark to Waltham was transferred to Lowell. Plans for houses, churches, schools, halls for the use of the operatives, were projected and built at the same time as the mills. Teacher and minister were among the corporation factors. The boarding-houses were managed by widows selected with great care by the superintendent. Rules and regulations controlling the houses were posted for the guidance of tenant and operatives. In the counting-room of the factory was kept not only a record of the earnings of the factory hands, but in which of the corporation houses each one lived. Notice of a change of residence had to be given in the office, and no tenant of a house was allowed to have as a boarder any but factory operatives without special permission from the corporation. The front doors of the houses were locked at ten at night, and permission to remain out later must be secured from the matron. Men and women boarded in separate houses. The character of the operatives of this period was remarkable. The steady wages and low cost of living—board for women was $1.25 per week, for men $1.75—brought to the factories teachers, men who wanted to earn money for a professional education, and sisters who wished to help brothers through college, as well as the daughters of farmers throughout the State. Study classes and clubs were formed. The lyceum was born in Lowell. One of the early superintendents gave the first lectures. It was in a Lowell mill that Lucy Larcom began the noble life that dignified wage-earning for all women. The Lowell "Offering" was published for years in Lowell, owned and edited by a group of girls working in the mills. To this day families of wealth and position in Lowell refer with pride to ancestors who began their wage-earning in its factories.

In 1834 a French economist, M. Chevalier, visited Lowell, and on his return to France published an article in which he said: "Lowell is neither a pious foundation, a refuge of the persecuted, nor a military post. It is a speculation of the merchants of Boston. The same spirit of enterprise which last year suggested to them to send a cargo of ice to Calcutta, that Sir William Bentinck and the nabobs of the East India Company might drink their wine cooled, has led them to build a city wholly at their own expense, with all the edifices required by an advanced

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civilization for the purpose of manufacturing cotton cloths and printed calicoes. They have succeeded, as they usually do in their speculations." He called Lowell, twelve years after the incorporation of the company that established it, "a little Manchester." Of the women employed, he wrote: "The nuns of Lowell, instead of working sacred hearts, spin and weave cottons." So deep an impression was made by the women factory workers that in 1867 M. Chevalier urged that a group of these workers be sent to the Paris Exposition.

The discovery of gold in California wrought a quick and radical change in the population of Lowell. The Americans left the mills and sought the new Eldorado and the larger fields of the West. The influx of foreigners began about this time, meeting the necessities of the mill-owners. These people would not accept the conditions imposed by the corporation on the tenants of the corporation houses, and the paternal attitude which had been accepted without question since the foundation of the town was changed. The operatives lived beyond the corporation limits, established homes—for families came to work in the mills—and naturally they chose to settle in close neighborly relation with people who spoke their own tongue, ate and lived as they had in the land they called home. In the beginning this coming of families was a flitting to accumulate money that would mean ease in their native land on their own farms, or payment of mortgages, or the purchase of more land. For years the French-Canadians returned to their farms each spring. Gradually a change has come, and the French-Canadian population, the most transitory, has become a fixed population. Priests and superintendents testify that this is largely due to the women, who, after the excitement of a mill town, are most unhappy when they return to settle on the farms which they left reluctantly. The young people marry and the mills offer surer support than the farms, and very much larger opportunities for excitement and recreation. The opportunities for advancement appeal to the ambitious, and every year fewer Canadians leave Lowell. Much might be said of the effect of mill life on the women. The French-Canadian priests in Lowell, the French-Canadian women who have settled there, say that the family life with their people changes rapidly; the worst faults of the wage-earning Americans develop; the children grow independent of the parents "like Americans." The young married women object to child-bearing, and fewer children are born. When the French-Canadian families come to Lowell, the intention is to return to Canada as a family. Often at the first sign that indicates the possibility of marriage for a son or daughter the parents take fright and the return to Canada is attempted, with the chances very much against the return of the older children, who have established themselves in the factories. Now girls and boys come without parents, living with relatives, and often breaking entirely with home and family. The priests then become the tie between the two, the Church the medium that keeps the mother tongue alive.

To-day there are twenty-four thousand French-Canadians in Lowell. A large section of the city is called "Little Canada." The houses of this section are wooden tenements three and four stories high, built on courts and alleys. The signs and names on the stores are as distinctly French as in the city of Quebec. Eleven women and girls were asked a question on the streets of this section, at the noon hour, before one was found who understood English. The children on the street, when playing, use French almost wholly. The churches are the churches of Canada transplanted, barring the empty pews during working hours. The French Catholics support a very large French parochial school. In answer to the question, "Why do you keep up a French school when you and your children are going to live in America always?" an intelligent woman shopkeeper said: "It is the tongue of my own country, and I want my children to learn it; we never use English at home." Here, as everywhere, this segregation means the keeping alive of foreign languages, festivals, customs, and habits of thought, the preservation of which obstructs the amalgamation of the population.

This affects the political life of the town, for, as the people center in one section, they evolve the political "boss" whose business is to prove his ability to further

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the interests of his countrymen, not as Americans, but as French-Canadians, or Greeks, or Poles, or whatever group of un-Americanized citizens he may represent.

There is a section of the city where the swarthy, black-eyed sons of Greece have imposed their national stamp. Italy and Poland have claimed their share of the city, while the Hebrew citizens have their quarter that seems like a small portion of the lower East Side of New York transplanted. The older sections of the city, where the houses are small, seem greatly overcrowded and neglected. The newer tenement-houses have balconies on each floor. Many of them permit of outdoor life for the family, if not privacy. The buildings on three sides of a court, the fourth side open to the street, unfenced, seem to be the favorite model. There is a remarkable absence of children on the street during school hours, but the streets where the working people live are crowded with children after school hours, who show the results of untrammeled freedom in language, manners, and treatment of one another. As in other manufacturing towns, a grandmother, a grandfather, or a woman beyond the factory-working age who will care for the baby is highly prized.

The approach to the mills is very attractive. Nearly always the approach is over a bridge crossing a canal through a Gothic nave of trees leading to handsome iron gates opening into the courts of the mills. The well-kept, tree-lined street has on either side unbroken rows of brick houses of a severely simple, dignified type of architecture, known even now as "corporation houses," though many of them no longer belong to the mill corporations. Just beyond them rise the walls of the mills, making a harmonious background.

It is almost impossible to convey a picture of a factory town. The stranger can choose a point of vantage, say the steps of the counting-house of a mill commanding the gateway of two or three factories five minutes before the time for dismissal. A cloister stillness prevails. There is not a sound but the pleasant one of rushing waters. Suddenly a bell, deep-toned, and whistles break the stillness, and a human tide rushes out like a volume of water let loose by a broken dam. Thousands of human beings of all ages, all types, all degrees of development, pass singly in groups, in families, through the gates and through the streets; from one mill three thousand, another twenty-eight hundred, two thousand, till one is overwhelmed with the sudden realization of the tremendous forces held in the bondage of necessity, greed, or ambition. At first the people who pour out of the gates come laughing, joking, dancing, in all the joyousness of youth, and the stranger responds to the spirit of hope and fearlessness; he sees that Cupid is busy, here as everywhere. The lover and his lass meet joyously, timidly, trustingly, as the case may be. But the spirit of the scene changes. The quiet groups of women in middle life, walking soberly along as befits their years, appear. Among them is the woman whose shabby black, and young son or daughter at her side, tells the story of widowhood, while a Darby and Joan go quietly along in happy companionship; for them any other life than this would be hardship. One's heart grows glad when there darts out from the corner of a fence or from behind a tree, where refuge from the rushing tide of humanity was taken, a small, chubby boy or girl with the glad cry of "grandpa" or "grandma" in any of half a dozen languages, and Darby or Joan is grabbed round the knees. Then, last of all, come the pilgrims, bent, gray-haired, sometimes feeble, but yet with the love of life alive and urging to effort.

The return is quite as interesting, but the order is reversed. The old return first; youth lags, and it is a question of a race against time to reach the gates, always with some shut out.

Saturday the mills close at noon. Before twelve the peddler with mechanical toys, the man with a tray of candy, the jolly man who always sells puzzles, the one-armed man with pencils, the one-legged man with a wheezy organ, take their places and are ready for business. Each reaps a harvest, and one-half hour later the stillness of the streets suggests a New England Sabbath.

The pulley-lines, the yards, and the balconies testify to the family preparation for Sunday cleanliness. Shades are up, curtains tied back, rugs and mats are being shaken and hung to air. The pews in Catholic churches are filled with people, while every confessional holds priest

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and sinner. The girls from the factories who belong to the church societies are getting the altar draperies ready for the Sunday services. After four on Saturday the stores are crowded. Everywhere on the streets the people are found spending the hours of freedom as the race impulse dictates. The saloon flourishes; the street corners are populated; empty doorways are filled. Activity and idleness; the rush and worry of a week's housework crowded into four hours of daylight; the drifting that comes when the bonds of compulsion are removed—all this Saturday afternoon in Lowell represents.

Churches, schools, libraries, were born with the mills and are a part of the life of the people. The High School is not far from the mills; the beautiful library is accessible from the poorest section. The Educational Union has taken, in the new civilization, the place of old Middlesex Mechanics' Association; the Textile School brings to Lowell the student of applied arts and mechanics, and she still teaches the country the secrets of successful manufacture of textiles, bringing to the new problems the service of science.

The history of this beautiful, unique city is the history of American intelligence applied to every department of National life. Her sons have served the country in times of peace and of war. Within her borders one of the greatest industries of the country has grown up, its interests shaping National legislation. Wealth and culture equal to that of any other city in the Union are found in Lowell, while a solidarity of interest and of sentiment prevails that scarcely exists in any other city. This is due largely to the community of interests that gave her birth. The interdependence of the employer and the employed, the education and natural intelligence that often made them equals, are fixed elements in the character of the people of Lowell. Changes have come in the working population that have brought problems, and the people of Lowell are awake to them.

Where else would a Fourth of July celebration take the form of that of 1900 in Lowell? All the foreigners in Lowell were encouraged to take part in a procession in their native dress where it was distinctive, preserving the features that would make each section a national procession. The idea was carried out, and the native citizens of Lowell watched the procession of foreigners, who are a part of its population, contributing to its commercial success, making its political and social problems.

As a result, a system of education in American history and civics has been introduced. Illustrated lectures are given by the aid of interpreters. Every effort is made in the giving of a knowledge of the country to have the language acquired; not merely a commercial vocabulary rendering the voter the easy victim of a designing "boss," but the language of the American citizen imbued with a knowledge of his country's institutions and spirit.

Is Lowell showing every American city with a growing foreign population how to preserve its integrity and develop American citizenship? It has every problem peculiar to a cosmopolitan city: race sections; houses built for one family housing a dozen; alleys and courtyards places of general refuse; parentless children numbering thousands during all the working hours of the day; young girls numbering hundreds without natural protectors, feeling the independence of earning their own living, refusing to accept control or even advice, and making a separate problem.

All the modern agencies for the care of the helpless and sick poor, for dependent children, for temporary relief, are well established in Lowell. The Settlement does not exist. One wonders why. No community offers larger or greater opportunities for the social center that a settlement always provides than a manufacturing town. What it would provide for the children left without their natural protectors for so many hours cannot be overestimated.

The churches are progressive in their secular work. The church schools flourish, the pupils numbering thousands. It is stated with frankness that the city could not provide school accommodations for the children of school age. The citizens in Lowell are, and always have been, actively interested in public education, and the public schools represent this active interest, keeping abreast of the most progressive educational thought.

The paternal relation has disappeared between the employer and the employed,

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The trades-union has come. The combination of capital and of commercial interests is fixed. The wonderful resources of water-power have centered the attention of many manufacturing interests, and Lowell is feeling the benefits and the disadvantages of competition. As steam was called to meet the demands of her manufacturing growth, so electricity will yet harness her water-power to meet the needs of future demands.

So well planned was the manufacturing center of the city that it is to-day peculiarly attractive. The dignified architecture, the handsome iron gates focusing at the end of the corporation streets, the green-fringed waterways, the bridges, make a modern Venice, whose canals carry wages to waiting, working thousands, giving to the city a distinctive character that time cannot destroy, whatever changes may be wrought in the motive power or the methods of business in this leading city of spindles.

The Papacy[1]

THE latest volumes to appear in the "World Epoch-Makers" series are noteworthy because of the new light which they shed on papal history. They are, first, an account of Saints Francis and Dominic, and, second, an account of Savonarola. Dr. Herkless (Professor of Church History in the University of St. Andrew's) has published an acute appreciation of the work of the two great thirteenth-century saints, both as mutually contrasted and as influencing the Middle Ages. He first points out the high ideal animating both Francis and Dominic, whose spiritual lives were dramatically projected against that of the materially-minded Innocent III., a Pontiff far-sighted enough to know, however, what the work of the two saints might one day be worth to the Papacy. The Pope ultimately made emissaries of the mendicants wandering in all countries, and he made them preach the Gospel of papal supremacy in such guise and in such a way that they preserved for Rome at least a semblance of that power which Gregory VII. attained, and which Innocent III. had wielded at fullest measure. Indeed, there has hardly been any political or social movement with which the Papacy has not made some sort of alliance in order to make it useful to its own purposes. Professor Pastor shows that Julius II. and Leo X. utilized the great creative art epoch of Italy; Dr. Nippold points out that even such reactionaries as Clement XIV. and Pius VI. had, at least in the first part of their reigns, furtively advanced some degree towards the liberal tendencies of their times. These exceptions, however, only prove the general rule that papal absolutism opposes the modern world of ideas; papal absolutism is inconsistent with either ecclesiastical or political liberty; the Franciscan poverty degenerated into mendicancy, and the Dominican propaganda developed the Inquisition. While the personal power of Francis and Dominic controlled their orders, the kingdom of heaven was indeed seen in the midst of men. Alas! as the historian laments, that the Franciscans should wander far away from the poor penitent of Assisi and the Dominicans from the Master of the Sacred Palace!

However humiliating the periods of the Avignon residence and the Great Schism up to the close of the fifteenth century, Dr. Ludwig Pastor, in his "Geschichte der Päpste" (well translated under its corresponding English title of "History of the Popes"), is not embarrassed by the flagrant personal immorality of certain of the Popes. Dr. Pastor holds the chair of history at the University of Innsbruck (Roman Catholic), and is everywhere recognized as a man of acute intellect, of vast information, and of remarkable power of accomplishment. He has the true historian's instinct for accuracy of statement;

[1] *Francis and Dominic.* By John Herkless, D.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.25.
Savonarola. By George McHardy, D.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.25
Geschichte der Päpste. Von Ludwig Pastor. Herder'sche Verlagshandlung, Freiburg, Germany. Vols. I., II., III. $18.
History of the Popes. By Ludwig Pastor. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., London. 6 vols. $18.
Geschichte des Katholicismus. Von Friedrich Nippold. Frericks'sche Buchhandlung, Elberfeld, Germany. $5.
The Papacy in the Nineteenth Century. By Friedrich Nippold. Translated by Laurence Henry Schwab. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.50.

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not only from this reason is his one of the most notable contributions to our knowledge of papal history since the publication of the works of Ranke, Burckhardt, Gregorovius, and Creighton, but also because of his unusual opportunities. He has had access to the secret archives of the Vatican; the works of other historians were written before these archives were accessible, and in the new light the "History of the Popes" needed rewriting. Professor Pastor has also been able to make use of historical materials of great value in a number of other archives which hitherto have been almost inaccessible, among these being the Consistorial archives, the Archives of the Lateran, and those of the Propaganda.

The Protestant reader of these volumes, either the three in German or the six in English, studies them with delighted surprise. Their author is true to the worthy command of the present Pontiff, who, when authorizing the publication of historical matters contained in the Vatican archives, directed that "the history of the Holy Church and of the Holy See should be written with absolute truth, on the only just and imperishable principle that the *historica veritas* ought to be supreme, of which we have a divine example in Holy Writ, where the sins, even of saints, are as openly recorded as the wickedness of sinners." In this respect Professor Pastor's history is one of the noteworthy publications of our time. In his account of Alexander VI. he frankly acknowledges the Pope's "unblushing nepotism," that in him "the secularization of the Papacy reached its climax," that "nothing in the way of reform was to be hoped from him," and that the newly published archives "nullify all attempts to rebut the accusations against the moral conduct of the Pope, who represented an utter absence of all moral sense both in public and in private life. . . . He who should have been the guardian of his time, saving all that could be saved, contributed more than any other man to steep the Church in corruption. His life of unrestrained sensuality was in direct contradiction with the precepts of Him whose representative on earth he was." But Dr. Pastor believes that "the sins of a priest cannot essentially affect his power of offering sacrifice or administering sacraments or transmitting doctrine—the gold remains gold in impure as in pure hands." This is Dr. Pastor's criticism of Savonarola, who "forgot that, according to the teaching of the Church, an evil life cannot deprive the Pope of his lawful jurisdiction." Like Luther, however, and like Huss, Savonarola saw nothing incongruous in making his own subjective conviction the standard of the duty of ecclesiastical obedience—a position of course fundamentally opposed to papal absolutism. "The teaching of the Church enjoins obedience even to an unjust Interdict. . . . Savonarola was bound to obey the Holy See, however it might be desecrated by such an occupant as Alexander VI."

In resisting the papal excommunications, Huss and Savonarola were preparing the way for the Reformation. Savonarola's was no doctrinal reform, as was Luther's; his was a moral reform, as judged by perhaps his best-known biographer, Professor Villari, and especially by his newest biographer, Dr. McHardy. Savonarola's course would have been easier if he had not "gone into politics," for, like some reformers to-day, he was overflowing with honest but with mistaken zeal. He had already made an implacable enemy of the Pope by standing out against the latter's policy of drawing Florence into the Holy League. The Pope wanted Florence because it was the only Italian power which withstood him; Savonarola wanted Florence, first, to convert it to democratic and theocratic ideals and to moral discipline; secondly, and curiously enough, to hand the State over to the dissolute King of France, whom the reformer actually believed to be God's chosen instrument for the Church's renovation. Though such eminent authorities as Grauert and Schnitzer in Germany and Tocco in Italy maintain that Savonarola regarded Alexander VI. as a legitimate Pope, most historians declare that, while remaining true to the dogmas of the Church, Savonarola denounced the Pope, to the Emperor and the princes, as having been elected by simony, as Innocent VIII. had been, and therefore illegally elected. Hence Savonarola denied Alexander's papal authority, and himself demanded a Council. All this was in addition to Savonarola's attacks upon the Pope's publicly scandalous life. Most Protest-

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ants will agree with the German and Scotch professors that Savonarola fell into exaggerated language, that he was too precipitate, and that he never measured the extent of his own fantasies and fanaticisms. Imbued as he was by the sublimely symbolic language of the Old Testament, and filled as he was with the spirit of the Old Testament, he gave free course to the irresistible flow of his virile preaching, and that preaching fell upon his auditors as coming from one of the old Hebrew prophets announcing the day of the Lord. And yet, thinks Professor Pastor, and so do we, if Savonarola had only known how to moderate his language, he might have obtained an influence over Lorenzo de' Medici which would have changed the whole course of history. Both historians agree in pointing out how Savonarola's pious self-delusions and hallucinations exposed him helplessly to his enemies. The climax was reached when, as the head of a political party, he openly demanded the death of all enemies of the Republic. Dr. Pastor affirms that, had Savonarola confined himself to the subjects proper to his vocation as a preacher, he would probably never have come into serious collision with the Pontiff. But what are subjects proper to the vocation of a preacher? That is too large a question to enter upon here.

While Dr. Nippold's history may make a greater impression in ultra-Protestant circles than will Dr. Pastor's, as history it does not seem so significant. The "Geschichte des Katolicismus" has now been translated in part by the Rev. Laurence Henry Schwab and has been published under the title of "A History of the Papacy in 1900;" it is to be hoped that the rest of Dr. Nippold's work will receive equally sympathetic translation. He is never dull. He understands how to focus the reader's attention on particular points and hold it there. No matter whether one agrees with his opinions or not, his style has almost a Gallic quality which his advocate-like rather than judge-like attitude only emphasizes. Dr. Nippold is specially well qualified to state the Protestant case, since his affiliations are neither ultra-Romanist nor ultra-Protestant, but Old Catholic. He is especially strong in his portrayal of the effects produced upon Germany by the Papacy, but we find in the English translation much of this part of history omitted by the translator, presumably because English and American readers are more interested in the Papacy as it touches England and other countries. In the foreign field Dr. Nippold's statements of fact are not always quite accurate; for instance, he traces modern revolutionary organizations to the Jesuits of the sixteenth century, and his conclusions are curious in discussing the Oxford Movement. As polemical history Professor Nippold's is a good example; as a trustworthy description of the Papacy it leaves much to be desired. Neither Dr. Nippold nor any one else could write an adequate history of the Papacy in the latter part of the nineteenth century, for the reason that many important sources of knowledge are not yet accessible. Dr. Nippold might have given us specific knowledge of the way in which the various Popes of the century, and Leo XIII. in particular, despite a Thomistic theology, have attempted to accommodate Vaticanism to latter-day conditions; but this he has not attempted. In general, Dr. Nippold's view seems too pessimistic; he believes that the nineteenth century has taken every pains to fulfill the prediction of the pious Spener: "God will allow a stronger and a worse Papacy to come up because we have too readily submitted to papistical maxims."

It is the fashion to think of Leo XIII. as an improvement upon his predecessors in his endeavor to adapt the Church to a democratic epoch and to free institutions; and so he is in many respects. But the foundation of Leo's reign lies in his Third Encyclical, which made the philosophy of Thomas Aquinas the backbone of all studies in schools and seminaries, and the Thomistic system is irreconcilable with modern thought. Pope Leo XIII. has proved himself a great statesman in what he has done to reconcile the Church of Rome to modern conditions and modern thought, but Pope Pius IX. was more consistent with the fundamental philosophy of that Church, as well as with its historic traditions, in his declaration that such reconciliation is impossible and ought not to be attempted.

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Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price.

Alaska. (The Harriman Alaska Expedition.) Vol. I. **Narrative, Glaciers, Natives.** By John Burroughs, John Muir, and George Bird Grinnell. Vol. II. **History, Geography, Resources.** By William H. Dall, Charles Keeler, Henry Gannett, William H. Brewer, C. Hart Merriam, George Bird Grinnell, and M. L. Washburn. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 7×10¼ in. $15, net.

Reserved for later notice.

American Authors and their Homes. Edited by Francis Whiting Halsey. Illustrated. James Pott & Co., New York. 4½×7½ in. 302 pages. $1.25, net.

This tastefully made book, with its very attractive title-page and its many excellent illustrations, contains a series of papers on the most widely read American writers of the day, including Mr. Page, Mr. Burroughs, Mr. Stedman, Mr. Stockton, Mr. Aldrich, Mr. Howells, Dr. van Dyke, Colonel Higginson, Professor Woodberry, and others, originally published in the Saturday Review of Books and Art in the New York "Times." These chapters are now reprinted with an introduction and additions by Mr. Francis W. Halsey, editor of that admirable literary journal. It has been the aim in these sketches to present the personality of different writers against the background of their surroundings. The chapters are familiar and intimate without being too personal, and are sympathetic and kindly without being intrusive or effusive.

Apples of Sin (The). By Coulson Kernahan. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 47 pages. 35c.

At the Point of the Bayonet: A Story of the Mahratta War. By G. A. Henty. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 376 pages. $1.25, net.

Mr. Henty may be depended upon with certainty to provide for boys' reading at least three books a year. The present season gives us the story with the above title, which deals with the breaking up of the great Mahratta conspiracy in India, a South African tale called "With Roberts to Pretoria," and a story of the first Afghan war called "Herat and Cabul." All of these are crowded with incident, are written in a manner which has long been proven by experience to interest boy readers, and are unexceptionable as to morals.

Biographical and Other Articles. By William C. Todd, A.B. Lee & Shepard, Boston. 5¼×8 in. 222 pages. $1.50.

The larger number of these personal sketches of Webster, Benton, Caleb Cushing, and other notable persons have appeared in the "Atlantic Monthly" and other periodicals. In collecting them here Mr. Todd has made a very interesting book. The two papers devoted to "Lord" Timothy Dexter, the shrewd fool who was at one time the chief curiosity of Newburyport, Mass., are discriminating as well as highly entertaining.

Caps and Capers: A Story of Boarding-School Life. By Gabrielle E. Jackson. Illustrated. Henry Altemus Co., Philadelphia. 5×7¼ in. 287 pages. $1.

Comédie Humaine of Honoré de Balzac. Translated by Katharine Prescott Wormeley. Vol. I., **Père Goriot, and The Marriage Contract**; Vol. II., **Two Young Married Women, and Albert Savarus**; Vol. III., **Fame and Sorrow, and Other Stories**; Vol. IV., **Modeste Mignon, and A Daughter of Eve.** (The Pocket Edition of Balzac. To be complete in thirty volumes.) Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 4⅛×6¾ in. In cloth, $1 per vol.; in limp leather, $1.25.

The first four volumes of the Pocket Balzac, which is to be complete in thirty volumes, are very satisfactory as pieces of book-making. There is a sound instinct at the bottom of the general desire for small books. The fashion of the hour may go too far, but there is no reason why books should be published in cumbersome forms. It ought to be possible to put the classics of the world in very small compass; and now that a thin but opaque paper has been secured, the problem is no longer difficult. This edition will present in a new form Miss Wormeley's extraordinarily satisfactory translation—a translation which, in its integrity, its accuracy, and its fine literary form, must be ranked as one of the real literary achievements of our generation. The quality of Miss Wormeley's work has had wide recognition both here and abroad; and she has succeeded in making the "Comédie Humaine" an English as well as a French classic.

Democracy Versus Socialism. By Max Hirsch. (Melbourne.) The Macmillan Co., London. 6×9¼ in. 481 pages. 10 shillings, net.

An elaborate criticism of the principles, aims, and tendencies of Socialism from the standpoint of an individualist of the Henry George school. Mr. Hirsch's economic criticisms of Socialism are substantially those of the Austrian economists, but his ethical and political criticisms are as full of originality as they are of vigor. The fact that his own sympathies with the aspirations of the poor and his own hatred of the oppressions of the powerful are as keen as those of the Socialists whom he criticises gives to all he says the moral dignity of unbiased counsel, instead of the suspicious appearance of special pleading which so often discredits anti-Socialist literature. The author's popular sympathies also are a frequent spur to intellectual acumen. No one without democratic instincts could have written his strong chapter respecting the tendency of Socialism toward bureaucracy. The chapters urging the claims of the single tax as an alternative method of remedying present economic evils take as their premise the assumption that the value of land is almost wholly the creation of society at large, and that private ownership was so gross a violation of public rights that private owners would

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have no right to compensation if the public should reclaim its own creation. These contentions have already been discussed at much length in our columns, and we have only to note here that Mr. Hirsch's presentation of them is characterized by signal ability.

Dictionary of National Biography. Edited by Sidney Lee. Supplement, Vol. I., Abb-Chi.; Vol. II., Chi-Hos. The Macmillan Co., New York. 6¼×9½ in. $5 per vol.

It was the original intention of the projectors of this monumental biographical work to close its record at the end of the nineteenth century, but this plan has been slightly modified because of the death of Queen Victoria. These two supplementary volumes now include biographical sketches of all Englishmen, whose deeds make them worthy, who died up to the date of the Queen's death, January 22, 1901. Thus the epoch in British history included in the National Dictionary fitly ends with the passing of the great Queen. Particularly prominent in the work is the memoir of the publisher, George Smith, who rightly receives extended treatment, not merely because of his services to English scholars and students in assuming the immense burden of this particular undertaking, but because of his lifelong connection with literary affairs and friendships with great writers. The supplementary volumes contain in all about a thousand articles; of these two hundred supply omissions in the original work, while eight hundred are sketches of persons who have died during the progress of the work. The volumes are edited by Mr. Sidney Lee, and the staff of writers is largely the same as that which gave authority and accuracy to the dictionary itself.

Early History of Syria and Palestine (The). The Semitic Series. By Lewis Bayles Paton, Ph.D. With Maps. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5¼×8 in. 302 pages. $1.25, net.

The history of nearly thirty centuries from the earliest times, so far as recovered by the latest researches, is compressed within the limits of this popularly written volume. There are open questions still, especially in the chronology, and the most careful conclusions now possible may in some respects be superseded by fresh discoveries. It is quite improbable, however, that the main results now reached will be invalidated. These, as reached by Professor Paton in his cautious and critical distillation of Biblical tradition into history, commend themselves to an unbiased mind, but are likely to displease those who have not parted with the untenable prepossession that there is nothing unhistorical in the Old Testament history. With the exception of the Abram of Genesis xiv. (not to be identified with the Abraham of the sequel), Professor Paton finds no historic Hebrew individual earlier than Moses—the earlier personages being clans or tribes personified as individuals. In one particular, at least, this should be satisfactory to all. The horrible story of Lot's daughters grew, it seems, out of "unconscious puns" on the names of their children. In regard to the rise of the worship of Yahweh, the god of Midian, among the Israelites, Professor Paton is in agreement with the view taken by Budde in his "Jewish Religion Before the Exile," as occurring under circumstances that laid an ethical basis for religious development. A specially useful feature of the book, as promotive of Biblical study by non-professional readers, is its ample bibliography upon the subjects covered in its condensed exhibition of results.

Flood-Tide. By Sarah P. McL. Greene. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7¾ in. 351 pages.

This is the latest story from the pen of that writer who first created a far-reaching sensation by the publication of her "Cape Cod Folks." The present story is located in a hamlet on the coast of Maine. It has all the characteristics that mark this writer's work—looseness of construction, racy humor, delectable character touches and contrasts, and little consecutive story. Without any claim to the artistic, it is readable.

Florence. By Grant Allen. Illustrated. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. In 2 vols. 4½×7 in. $3.

The handbooks about cities prepared by Mr. Grant Allen have met with wide acceptance. Those on Paris and Florence occupy a field of their own, and supplement guide-books in many points. They are printed in excellent type, and we note thankfully the relief from the fine type of the ordinary guide-book. Generally speaking, the two volumes on Florence are occupied with description of noted works of art, but both the author and the illustrator have shown taste and judgment in selecting for description and reproduction many pictures which are not familiar to the ordinary reader. The criticism is necessarily brief, but it is almost invariably discriminating and does not follow the trite lines of most guide-books. The two volumes contain several scores of reproductions of pictures, statues, and bits of architecture.

Galopoff, the Talking Pony. By Tudor Jenks. Illustrated. Henry Altemus Co., Philadelphia. 4¾×7¼ in. 243 pages. $1.

The immediate effect of reading the first chapters of "Galopoff" to the reviewer's children was to make the father of those children order a dozen copies of the book for the fathers of other children. "Galopoff" is just the volume which those fathers need to turn to when, at the close of day, weary and worn, they set home and are immediately besieged by the youngsters for "a story." This particular story is restful all round, both to parents and children, and it is as entertaining as was the author's "Imagi-notions," with its delightful giant who helped the poor commuter. Galopoff is no giant, however; he is only a Russian pony, but he is a talking pony, and he has a capital name whether regarded from the English or the Russian standpoint. The best part of Galopoff is not his own talk but the child life which he evokes. That child life is fresh and sane and vivacious; it is the kind we all want to live, whether we are old or young children. Mr. Tudor Jenks is always a guide to such a life. His "Galopoff" will take its place on that low shelf, within a child's easy reach, where are already to be found Grimm's "Tales" and "Alice in Wonderland" and the Rollo Books and "Imagi-

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notions" and "Cuore" and "Black Beauty" and "Tom Brown" and "The Story of a Bad Boy."

George Eliot's Works. (The Personal Edition.) Vol. XI. **Miscellaneous Essays; Impressions of Theophrastus Such; The Veil Lifted; Brother Jacob.** Vol. XII. **Complete Poems.** Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. Per vol., $1.50.

Grip of the Bookmaker (The). By Percy White. R. F. Fenno & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 349 pages. $1.50.

A fairly readable story of English social life by the author of "Mr. Bailey-Martin" and "The West End."

Her Washington Experiences. By Anna Farquhar. Illustrated. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 4½×7 in. 222 pages. $1.25.

Under the title of "The Inner Experiences of a Cabinet Minister's Wife," this work ran its course in the "Ladies' Home Journal" a year ago. Told in a series of letters, the thread of story is very slight, yet the insight into Washington society creates an atmosphere which makes the personages introduced stand out clearly. The book is a clever bit of work. Its strength consists in what is suggested and withheld rather than in what is told. The reader is likely to feel repelled as well as allured by the glamour and glitter, beneath which the slippery footing is easily discerned.

Highways and Byways in the Lake District. By A. G. Bradley. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 332 pages. $2.

The latest addition to this readable series of impressions of picturesque and interesting parts of the Old World deals with a country not only beautiful in itself, but of very great importance to the student of literature by reason of its manifold literary associations. Mr. Bradley loves the Lake Country for itself, entirely apart from the fact that it was the country of Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, Hartley Coleridge, and the place of residence, for a time, of De Quincey, Dr. Arnold, Christopher North, and other men of force and distinction. He is, however, saturated with the literary traditions of the section; and he happily combines, therefore, the love of the background and the knowledge of the human foreground of a landscape of singular and elusive beauty. His style is discursive, as the style of such a book ought to be; it makes no tax on the reader's attention, but carries him in an orderly fashion through the entire district from Cockermouth to Furniss Abbey. The illustrations of Mr. Pennell are thoroughly characteristic of that suggestive and interesting artist.

History of the Conquest of Mexico. Vols. I., II., and III. By William H. Prescott. Edited by John Foster Kirk. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4½×7½ in. $3.

This thoroughly admirable library edition of Prescott's famous work contains an introduction by the editor, Mr. John Foster Kirk, in which, in brief space but with great discrimination, the limitations as well as the power and eloquence of Prescott are set forth. Mr. Kirk recognizes clearly the fact that Prescott's work is essentially a historical romance, and that complete knowledge of the people and the country treated can be had only by supplementing Prescott's work with the results of recent historical science.

How to Work for Christ. A Compendium of Effective Methods. By R. A. Torrey. Fleming H. Revell Co., Chicago and New York. 6×9¼ in. 518 pages. $2.50.

Mr. Torrey, the Superintendent of the Moody Bible Institute in Chicago, has had long and varied experience in pastoral and evangelistic work. He here describes methods that he has practiced with success. The first part is devoted to methods of personal dealing with men of various types; the second to social evangelism in the conduct of various kinds of meetings in places of various kinds; the third to preaching and teaching from the Bible. Thus it covers the whole ground of an aggressive evangelism, perhaps more elaborately than any other manual of the sort. Its successful application would seem to be conditioned on the user agreeing with the author that every Biblical statement is authoritative in the sense traditionally ascribed to it.

Individual Work for Individuals. By H. Clay Trumbull. The International Committee of Young Men's Christian Associations, New York. 4¾×7 in. 186 pages.

This book is to be read and laid to heart by all Christians who wish to make their personal influence effective for the quickening of religious life in those they meet on terms of friendly intimacy. Dr. Trumbull, whose religious life was originally quickened thus, has always aimed to do for others what was done in this way for him. His book abounds in personal experiences, the relation of which encourages others to do as he has done. To win mankind to Christ, he holds the individual appeal of a friend more hopeful than the collective appeal of a sermon.

Jessica's Triumph. By Grace Le Baron. Illustrated. (Janet Series.) Lee & Shepard, Boston. 5×6½ in. 168 pages. 75c.

This is the same little heroine who appeared in "Queer Janet," by the same author, and her acquaintance will be again enjoyed amid other scenes and good times.

Life Everlasting. By John Fiske. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 4½×7 in. 87 pages. $1.

This little monograph is a fitting supplement to its predecessor, "The Destiny of Man." It is the report of a lecture delivered by John Fiske in December, 1900, in Harvard University. It has a peculiar significance as his last word on the question of the Future to his fellow-mortals. Of its spiritual significance we shall speak more fully later.

Making of a Marchioness (The). By Frances Hodgson Burnett. Illustrated. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 187 pages. $1.10.

A continuously entertaining story about a sweet and modest English lady who is rewarded for her unselfishness by being chosen as spouse by a noble Marquis against whose peace of mind many brilliant and ambitious women are plotting. May we suggest that the humble and grateful thankfulness with which Lady Maria picks up the handkerchief thrown by the noble Marquis is a little excessively portrayed?

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Messages of the Prophetic and Priestly Historians (The). By John Edgar McFadyen. Vol. IV. of The Messages of the Bible. Edited by Professor Frank K. Sanders and Professor Charles F. Kent. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×6½ in. 355 pages. $1.25, net.

This latest volume in a series of great practical value for non-professional readers, but not for them only, covers all the Old Testament books from Genesis to Esther, inclusive. It presents "the essential, that is, the religious messages" of these books as reached and interpreted by modern scholarship. The distinctive features of the work are, first, the critical introductions to its several parts; next, the distinction it exhibits between the original and the redactional or editorial matter by the use of different kinds of type; and, lastly, the paraphrase into which it recasts the narratives with great freedom, often compressing a paragraph into a word, and a chapter into a line or two, but aiming to present their religious truth in a form intelligible to modern religious experience. Of course such a paraphrase can never supersede the often inimitable form of the original, nor was it so intended. The main value of this book is not only in familiarizing the unlearned Bible-reader with the results reached by the best Biblical scholars, but in its leading such to clearer conceptions of the progressive unfolding of divine truth and development of religious life from age to age.

Miss Penelope's Elopement and Other Stories. By Kate H. Sawyer. The Abbey Press, New York. 5¼×8 in. 102 pages. 50c.

Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne. By Gilbert White. Edited with an Introduction and Notes by L. C. Miall, F.R.S., and W. Warde Fowler, M.A. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5½×8 in. 386 pages. $1.75.

This latest addition to Putnam's "Library of Standard Literature" reproduces the original edition of 1789, with the exception of the Appendix of Latin charters and deeds, and includes the observations taken from White's diaries by Dr. Aiken, though it does not add the "Naturalist's Calendar" which was compiled by Dr. Aiken and afterwards supplemented by Markwick. The original notes are reprinted, and notes in square brackets have been added by the editors of this edition. All the notes on birds are by Mr. Warde Fowler. The book is supplied with full index, and with an introduction written in part by L. C. Miall and in part by W. Warde Fowler. The series is very tastefully made.

New Century Bible (The). St. Matthew. Edited by Prof. W. F. Slater, M.A. **St. Luke.** Edited by Walter F. Adeney, M.A. General Editor, Prof. Walter F. Adeney, M.A. Oxford University Press (American Branch), New York. 4×6½ in.

The New Century Bible appears to us rather a large title for the work designated. It is published in small volumes; the Gospels of Matthew and Luke take one volume. The authorized version is first given, the revised version follows, with very brief exegetical notes, which will be of use as expositions to the reader, but not adequate for the student. From the two volumes which lie on our table we are hardly able to see what this edition does for the reader which has not been already done by previous editions.

Old Gospel for the New Age and Other Sermons (The). By Professor H. C. G. Moule, D.D. Fleming H. Revell Co., Chicago and New York. 5×7½ in. 239 pages. $1, net.

The successor of the lamented Dr. Westcott in the bishopric of Durham is well known among us by his theological and devotional books. These sermons, which appear coincidently with his elevation to the episcopate, are worthy of his reputation as "the most influential member of the Evangelical party in the Church of England," to which he belongs both by heredity and conviction. To him, as to the Evangelicals of a century ago, the central truth of Christianity is the atonement for sin. An interesting biographical sketch of Dr. Moule by Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll is prefixed to the present volume.

Oliver Cromwell. By Samuel Rawson Gardiner, M.A. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 318 pages.

A reproduction, at moderate cost and in a very convenient form, of the very elaborate and expensively illustrated work in the Illustrated Series of Historical Volumes. Dr. Gardiner, it is needless to remind readers of The Outlook, is one of the first living authorities on this subject.

Primer of Political Economy (A). By S. T. Wood. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 149 pages.

This is an extremely important little book. It is an explanation of familiar economic phenomena, and it leads to a proper understanding of their laws and relationships. Nothing has been allowed to appear which may not be easily comprehended by children, but the book's chief merit does not lie in its simplification so much as in its condensation. Within small compass the author invites us to consider, in separate chapters, the herdsmen of the plain, oil, mining, bleaching powder, india-rubber, boots and shoes, the law of supply and demand, taxation, "John Must Pay for the Boots," American currency, British currency, banking, wages, capital, trusts, governmental interference, and schemes for betterment. Mr. Wood considers governmental interference the most noteworthy feature of organized society of to-day. He calls our attention to the fact that almost every useful act, from the selling of a cup of tea to the building of a steamship, is supervised, taxed, or helped by some municipal, provincial, State, or national authority. Mr. Wood also calls our attention to the fact that in all this there is a marked absence of method. Ultimately the wisdom or folly of governmental interference must be decided by the voters at the polls. Hence there is need for just such a primer as this, which educates boys and girls, men and women, alike.

Private Life of the Sultan of Turkey (The). By Georges Dorys. Translated by Arthur Hornblow. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 277 pages. $1.20, net.

The real reasons of Turkish action have often been found in the private lives of the rulers of Turkey, and students of history will find interest in the present volume as affording to them some greater basis of conjecture as to the inspiration of various eccentric policies

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of the Imperial Government noted, for instance, in the Armenian massacres, the German absorption of Asia Minor, the Franco-Turkish diplomatic crisis, and the Macedonian insurrection. The announcement of the fact that the author's father was a Minister of the Sultan (at one time being Governor of Crete) adds to the general expectancy of gaining first-hand information from this biography, since the son has had exceptional opportunities for obtaining court news. He writes under the pseudonym of Georges Dorys; he is an active member of the Young Turk party—an organization which demands a constitution for Turkey—and he is living in exile. It may be correctly gathered from the last phrase that the Sultan's biographer has no special love for the Sultan, and, indeed, from the gloomy portrait drawn, one can readily understand that many a Mussulman must long for deliverance from such a monarch. We see, first of all, one who is living in constant fear of poison and assassination; in the next place, we are introduced to an essentially second-rate mind, which finds satisfaction in cheap literature; third, we find a tyrant, one who gloats over stories of blood and violence, one who has exiled and plots the death of any man against whom he has a grievance. This lurid picture may have some merit as a brilliant bit of color, but we question its accuracy as a portrait. The biography must be accepted as a bitterly *ex parte* statement. It has little literary merit. The most interesting chapters are those which have to do with the deposition of Murad V. (still kept a prisoner) and with the Imperial harem. It remains to be seen whether Abdul Hamid will protest against the American publication of this volume, as he has against its publication in Europe. In Scandinavia the Sultan's protest has been heeded, and further sales of the book have been prohibited. In France, however—perhaps in view of the present rupture of diplomatic relations—the Sultan's formal protest finds the French Government powerless to act. The Sultan has condemned the author to death, a circumstance which may interfere with the young man's early return to Turkey. However, it will not detract from the advertising of his volume.

Punishment of the Stingy (The), and Other Indian Stories. By George Bird Grinnell. Illustrated. Harper & Bros., New York. 5¼×8 in. 235 pages. $1.15, net.

Mr. Grinnell is a member of a Pawnee Indian tribe by adoption, and he has studied the red man's legends, folk-lore, and customs at first hand in many years of close intimacy. These stories show that he has the dramatic instinct and the literary gift as well as quite unusual special knowledge.

Roman Public Life. By A. H. J. Greenidge, M.A. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5¼×7¾ in. 483 pages. $2.50.

The elaborate work thus entitled is a constitutional history of Rome, in which the growth of the constitution is traced, and its working during the two periods of its maturity, the developed Republic and the Principate, or earlier Empire, is explained. The political genius of the Romans, here exhibited in relation to the various administrative problems which it had to solve, possesses attraction for modern students of political science, and has its lessons for modern politicians. The author takes occasion to say of the breaking test which an imperial dominion applied to a constitution incapable of the strain: "Empire is a mere excrescence on the life of a State, a test neither of its goodness nor of its vitality."

Right of Way (The). By Gilbert Parker. Illustrated by A. I. Keller. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×8 in. 419 pages. $1.50.

An important work of fiction about which we shall speak next week.

Seven Houses (The). A Romance by Hamilton Drummond. Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 300 pages. $1.50.

Mr. Drummond's "A King's Pawn" showed that he was a proficient builder of plot and weaver of "sword and sash" incident. He belongs to the school in which Mr. Weyman excels, and of which "The Helmet of Navarre" is a recent shining example. Here we have a tale of ecclesiastical warfare in the Province of Guienne in mediæval France, of plague and siege and excommunication, of intrigue and bloodshed. The tale is certainly exciting, but it is keyed in an overwrought tone.

Short History of the Hebrews (A). (To the Roman Period.) With Maps. By R. L. Ottley. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×7½ in. 324 pages.

Teachers or students in quest of a manual sketching the course of Hebrew history conformably to the results of modern research will find no better work than this. With this, and Day's "Social Life of the Hebrews," an intelligent and thoughtful reader is well furnished for that careful study of the text of the Old Testament, particularly of its historical portions, which these works presuppose and are intended to encourage.

Short History of the Revolution (A). By Everett Tomlinson. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 419 pages. $2, net.

To the history of the War for Independence as usually told Mr. Tomlinson has added much interesting matter illustrative of the heroism and the hardships of the people apart from the deeds and sufferings of their armies. As a popular history it makes no account of any causes of the Revolution but those that lay nearest to the surface. The story is told vividly enough for the popular interest it appeals to. But the day has passed when a narrative can be unreservedly commended which fails, as this does, to record the large sympathy with our cause which was felt in England, and the fact that English Liberals felt that it was their cause, as well as ours, for which war was waged against the foes of the spirit of democracy in both countries.

Stevenson's Attitude to Life. By John F. Genung. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 44 pages. 60c.

This little book is one of the most exquisite of recent publications. Professor Genung has an inspiring subject in Stevenson, and he handles his subject inspiringly. No Stevenson

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lover—and who is not a Stevenson lover?—should be without Professor Genung's volume, remarkable alike in its high uplift of thought and in its unusual and charming letterpress. The world needs such an introduction to Stevenson and such a criticism of Stevenson, for that author's attitude to life cannot be too carefully impressed upon the minds of men.

Social Institutions. By Denton J. Snider, Litt.D. The Sigma Publishing Co., St. Louis, Mo. 5½×8 in. 65 pages. $1.50.

This is a work of marked insight and originality, well grounded in sound psychology. We reserve it for more extended notice.

Story of Jesus for Children (The): In Selections from the Bible. Compiled and Arranged by Louise Castle Walbridge. Illustrated. The Abbey Press, New York. 5×8 in. 77 pages. $1.

In this elegant little book thirty-six full-page illustrations, besides the frontispiece, are faced by pages of the Gospel text relating to them. The only question which may be raised is whether the face of the thorn-crowned Sufferer on the cover is felicitously selected to ornament a book made for children. This is characteristic of the mediæval rather than of the primitive Christian art.

Strength of the Hills (The). By Florence Wilkinson. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7½ in. 396 pages. $1.50.

Reserved for later notice.

Striking Hours (The). By Eden Phillpotts. Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 309 pages.

These stories of strange happenings, humorous or tragic, among Dartmoor villages are told with inimitable quaintness and raciness. The narratives are put in the mouths of the actors in the homely dramas. Mr. Phillpotts has written more important works of fiction, but none truer to life and nature.

To Herat and Cabul: A Story of the First African War. By G. A. Henty. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 346 pages. $1.25, net.

Tory Lover (The). By Sarah Orne Jewett. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 405 pages. $1.50.

Reserved for later notice.

Views of an Ex-President. By Benjamin Harrison. The Bowen-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. 6¼×9½ in. 532 pages.

Ex-President Harrison's skill and tact as a public speaker have received such unusual recognition from his political opponents that we do not need to dwell upon them. It has been said of him that in preparing his cases he set out by preparing a brief for the opposing counsel, and mastered the case of his antagonist as the first essential to the mastery of his own. The breadth typified by this method finds frequent illustration in the speeches and papers collected together in the volume before us. Altogether they number thirty-four, but more than two-thirds of the entire volume is made up of his addresses on Constitutional Law before the University of California, his discussion of the problems of expansion before the University of Michigan and in the "North American Review," and his discussion of the fundamental principles of taxation in his argument on the Illinois inheritance tax cases and in his address on the Obligations of Wealth delivered before the Union League Club of Chicago. It is this last address to which we wish now to call especial attention, for it furnishes us with ex-President Harrison's remedy for the evils of Anarchism and class hatreds which all thoughtful men are now considering. Ex-President Harrison was a firm believer that the removal of the popular sense of injustice was the only real cure for the discontent out of which class conflicts and disorder arise. The chief injustice which he believes the rank and file of the people are suffering from is that caused by the exemption of the richer people from their share of direct taxation. The "sense of inequality," he said, "produces a fierce and unreasoning anger, creates classes, intensifies social differences." "No casuist," he went on, "can draw a sound moral distinction between the man who hides his property or makes a false return in order to escape the payment of his debt to the State, and the man who conceals his property from his private creditors." In forcing this point home to his wealthy audience he told of a gentleman of prominence in a New England town who had a reputation for philanthropy yet had returned for taxation one hundred thousand dollars' worth of personal property, though at his death his estate proved to contain six millions. "This gentleman," said ex-President Harrison, "who lived in neighborly relations to his fellow-citizens, and discharged apparently with kindliness all of the obligations of citizenship, had been every year of his residence in the town defrauding his neighbors by compelling them to contribute to the public expense a share that he should in honesty and good conscience have discharged. He was filching from every hand that was extended to him in neighborly confidence. His alms were of other men's goods." To prevent the continuance of such public wrongs ex-President Harrison not only demanded a new public conscience which should recognize obligations to the State to be just as sacred as obligations to individuals, but urged that better laws for the equal taxation of the property of men living shall be supplemented by taxes at death by which the public may recoup the sums unpaid during life. "If no other remedy can be found," he concludes, "perhaps the State might declare and maintain an estoppel against the claim of any man or his heirs for property the ownership of which he had disclaimed in his tax returns."

With Roberts to Pretoria: A Tale of the South African War. By G. A. Henty. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 393 pages. $1.25, net.

In the notice of "Who's Who in America" which appeared in these columns in the issue for September 28 last, the book was attributed to A. N. Marcus & Co., of Chicago. The name of the publishers is A. N. Marquis & Co. Another error is to be found in the same issue of the paper in an article entitled "College Education and Success," by John W. Leonard; on page 225, in the first column, the total figures should be 8,141 in place of 7,846.

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Correspondence

Another View

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Allow me to correct a wrong impression which you gathered from the sermon of the Rev. George T. Dowling on "Romanizing Tendencies in the Episcopal Church." Your article in the issue of August 10 is so unjust to the clergy and laity of the Diocese of Los Angeles that I am sure you will be glad to make correction.

In the first place, you distinctly state that at the last Diocesan Convention delegates were elected "who are to propose to discard the word Protestant," etc. As a matter of fact, the question of the change of name never came up in the Convention, and the delegates were not "instructed" upon that or any other matter. Again, you say: "The introduction of Roman Catholic ritualism is fostered to a surprising extent." The inference is that this is the case in Los Angeles. The facts are these: There is but one church in the whole diocese, and that a small one in a country town, which can at all be accused of "aping" Rome. You state that a booklet, "The Pilgrim's Path," has been widely circulated in the diocese. Nothing can be further from the truth. Diligent inquiry on my part has elicited the fact that two clergymen, one of them without a charge and the other the rector of the small church referred to, are the ones who have given away a few of the booklets. Again, the article states, this time following Dr. Dowling's statement but greatly exaggerating it, that the Episcopal church in Los Angeles is attended "almost wholly by women and children." I have a wide and intimate knowledge of churches in the United States, and I am positive that the Episcopal churches in this diocese will compare, as to the attendance of men, with any churches in the West, and in many parishes the attendance and membership of men is far above the average. I have, however, before me the published list of the communicants of Christ Church, Los Angeles, of which Dr. Dowling is rector. The men reported are certainly few—less in proportion than in many other parishes in the diocese of which I have personal and intimate knowledge.

H. B. RESTWICK.

St. Paul's Rectory, San Diego, Cal.

[The paragraph to which our correspondent refers was based upon and was largely a report of the sermon of Dr. Dowling. Our readers now have the two reports on this subject from different points of view.—THE EDITORS.]

President Roosevelt a Lover of Peace

To the Editors of The Outlook:

There is no question of deeper interest to the American public to-day than that concerning the qualities and characteristics of the man who is to occupy the place of our departed President. It is a striking fact, in view of the importance of the occasion, that Mr. Roosevelt was led a few months ago to give expression to his ideas in the clear and positive manner which is so strongly his characteristic. This is done in a letter expressing his regret at being unable to attend the Golden Rule meeting of March 29, in New York City, from which the Golden Rule Brotherhood originated. It is herewith quoted in full:

Vice-President's Chamber, Washington, D. C.

Mr. Theodore F. Seward, Secretary:

Dear Sir—I have your letter of the 11th inst. It is a matter of real regret that I cannot be with you. In this country, of all others, it behooves us to show an example to the world, not by words only, but by deeds, that we have faith in the doctrine that each man should be treated on his worth as a man, without regard to his creed or his race. Wonderful opportunities are ours, and great and growing strength has been given us. But if we neglect the opportunities and misuse the strength, then we shall leave to those who come after us a heritage of woe instead of a heritage of triumph. There is need of the aid of every wise, strong, and good man, if we are to do our work aright. The forces that tell for good should not be dissipated by clashing among themselves. In no way is it so absolutely certain that we will worse than nullify these forces as by permitting the upgrowth of hostilities and division based on creed or race origin. Jew and Gentile, Protestant and Catholic, if we only have the root of right thinking in us, we are bound to stand shoulder to shoulder and hand to hand in the effort to work out aright the problem of our National existence, and to direct for good and not for evil the half-unknown social forces which have

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been quickened into power by our complex and tremendous industrial development.

With all good wishes, I am faithfully yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Mr. Roosevelt has been known as an apostle of "the strenuous life." If any apprehension is felt that this phrase may indicate a spirit of aggression on his part, that fear may surely be banished by these stirring and sterling words.

More than this. There are many who believe that in the development of mankind a new type of life is now being evolved, in which the moral and spiritual qualities shall be more predominant than they have been in the past. Reading between the lines of Mr. Roosevelt's letter—and it is worthy of the most profound study that we can give to it—it is plain that our President is, or is being prepared to become, one of the new type rather than the old. This is clearly and strongly indicated by the words, "If we only have the root of right thinking in us." This brief sentence speaks volumes. It goes without saying that one who indites such a sentence must have the root of right thinking in his own nature, and "as he thinketh in his heart, so is he."

Mr. Roosevelt's letter, written when there could have been no possible thought of the exigency which now gives it such a vital significance, will be a comfort to all earnest-minded American citizens. It will also lead them to resolve to do all in their power to aid our President in carrying into practical realization his noble ideal. THEODORE F. SEWARD.

New York City.

Notes and Queries

It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address. Any book named in Notes and Queries will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, on receipt of price.

1. Following the methods pursued by the higher criticism, what is the explanation of the Old Testament prophecies concerning Christ's coming, especially those contained in the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah? 2. What historical basis, if any, is there for the story of Joseph? 3. Are there any notes on the "International Lessons" based on the higher criticism? 4. How would you suggest teaching these lessons to a class of colored boys who have heard nothing of the higher criticism and would probably consider it sacrilegious? 5. Is the account of Moses's leading the children of Israel out of Egypt considered historical? 6. What is the explanation of the ten plagues, the pillar of cloud and fire, and the manna? Could they properly be called legendary? is there some natural interpretation? or do you still cling to them as miraculous manifestations of God's watchful care over his people? 7. Does the higher criticism allow any place for miracles in the Old Testament? If not, why not as well as in the New? I have been greatly interested and benefited by Dr. Abbott's writings in regard to new methods of interpretation of the Scriptures, but there are still many things that have not been explained to my satisfaction, or, if they have, it was prior to my subscription to The Outlook. C. E. S.

1. These prophecies in general, so far as they anticipate a king to rise in Israel ruling with world-wide sway in righteousness and peace, must be held to have received in the spiritual dominion of Jesus Christ a fulfillment larger than anticipated. Isaiah liii. primarily refers to the Babylonian exiles as the "Servant of Jehovah," bearing the sins of the Jewish people—a typical case of vicarious suffering so closely paralleled in the experience of Christ as to be prophetic of it, as a later instance of the same general law. 2. If you mean a confirmation of it in non-Biblical history, there is none. 3. We know of none. 4. Content yourself with teaching the obvious moral and religious principles involved. 5. The main fact of the Exodus under Moses' leadership may certainly be so regarded. 6. Phenomena resembling the plagues, *e.g.*, a reddish tinge of the Nile, occasionally occur in Egypt. So a natural basis exists for the story of the manna. We must refer you for all details to your lesson notes and commentaries. Probably the facts have received a legendary embellishment. But undoubtedly all the circumstances of the Exodus illustrated a Providential control. 7. The higher (or, as better termed, historical) criticism holds no brief either for miracles or against them. Its concern is with the origin, structure, authorship, and date of the Scriptural books, and their relations to one another and to other ancient and contemporary literature. Miracles undoubtedly occurred in the time both of the Old Testament and of the New, and the time of miracles, in the true sense of the word, is not yet past. But not everything thought to be a miracle is entitled to the name, and not every reported miracle occurred as reported. For the views of the editor-in-chief of The Outlook on the whole subject we must refer you to "The Life and Literature of the Ancient Hebrews."

Short lists of books lately recommended to some who wished to be referred to helps for studies in the Old Testament may be enlarged by two recent publications: "The Messages of the Prophetic and Priestly Historians" and Paton's "Early Syria and Palestine" (Scribners, New York).

To our references given September 14 to "P. B." for models of preaching upon the Seventh Commandment we are glad to add the Rev. C. Caverno's book on "The Ten Words" (Pilgrim Press, Boston).

Perhaps the following may give the information desired by "M. R." in your issue of September 14, concerning a revision of the Bible by a Chicago committee: "Readings from the Bible," selected for schools, published in Chicago by Scott, Foresman & Co., in 1896. It was issued under supervision of the Chicago Women's Educational Union. The editorial committee was named by Dr. Swing and consisted of three persons, W. J. Onahan, J. H. Barrows, and C. C. Bonney. F. B.

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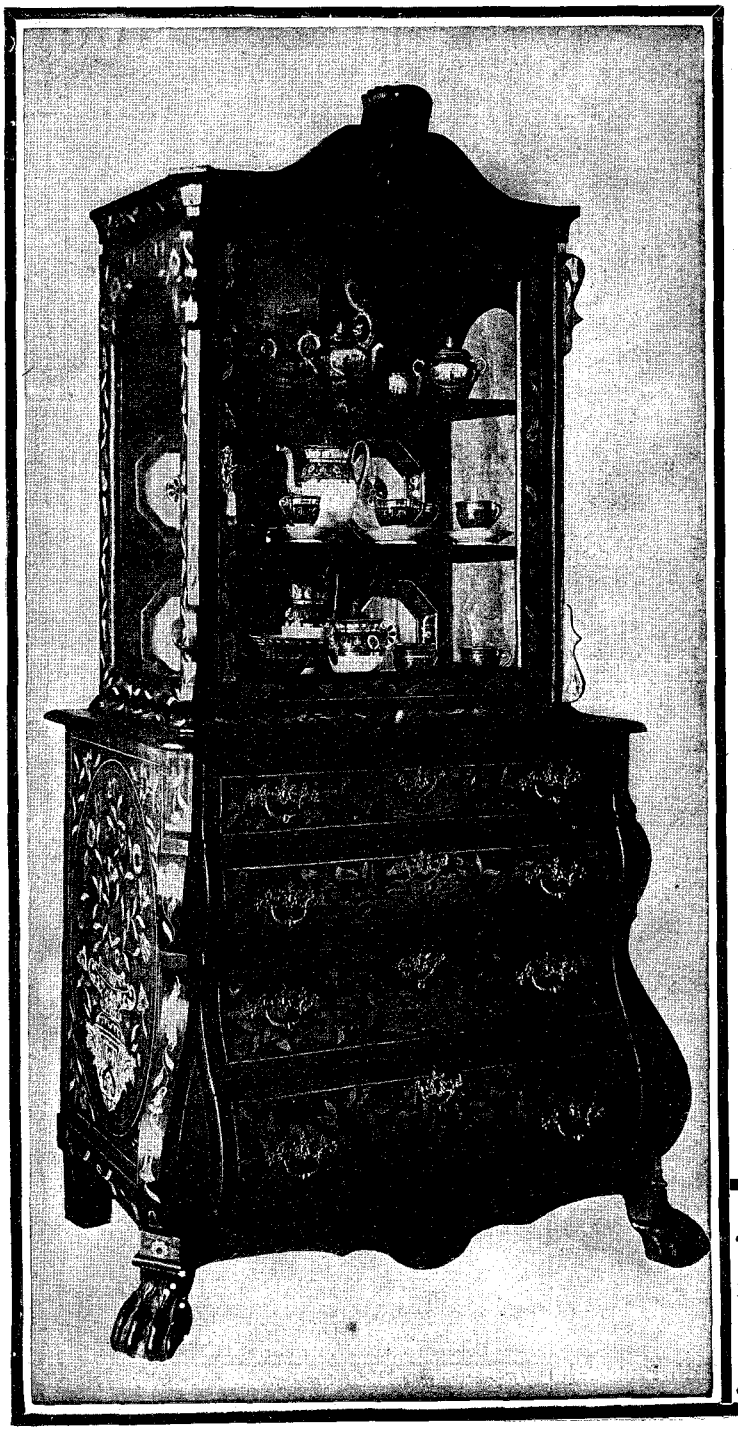

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